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No. 68. **Volume XII.**

MONTHLY 6d.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY 6d.

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CHIEF SPORTING FIXTURES
FOR FEBRUARY.

STEEPLECHASING.

1—Nottingham (2)
3—Newmarket (2)
3—Malton (2)
5—Hurst Park (2)
8—Folkestone (2)
8—Doncaster Hunt (2)
10—Leicester (2)
12—Sandown Park (2)
15—Manchester (2)
17—Windsor (2)
18—Keele Park (1)
19—Lingfield (2)
22—Birmingham (2)
22—Plumpton (2)
24—Warwick (2)
26—Hurst Park (2)
26—Haydock Park (2)
29—Southwell (2)

BOXING.

1, 8, 15, 22—Contests at National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, W.C.
3—Lynn B. C., Annual Competitions at Newington Public Baths, S.E.

COURSING.

1 —S. Durham and N. Yorks. (Catterick)
2, 3 —Rochford Hundred Club
3 —Dunsandle Club (co. Galway)
3 —Edenbridge and Tonbridge Club
3 —Fakenham and Walsingham (Club and Open)
4, &c.—South Lancashire
5, 6 —Corrie (Tennants')
9 —N. of England Club (Lensingthorne)
9, 10—Tralee Club
10 —Gravesend and Cliffe Clubs
11, 12—Farcet Fen (Peterbro')
15 —Tudhoe (Durham)
17 —Edenbridge and Tonbridge Club
17, &c.—Waterloo Cup
18 —Hanbury
23, 24—Limerick Club
24 —Gravesend and Cliffe Clubs

BILLIARDS.

1 and following days—Amateur Championship of Leicester at the George Hotel, Leicester
1— 6—American Tournament. H. W. Stevenson and seven other Players at the National Sports Exhibition, Olympia, West Kensington
1—31—M. Inman *v* T. Reece at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square, W.C.
15—27—H. W. Stevenson *v* T. Reece for £50 a-side at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square, W.C.
23, &c.—Amateur Championship of Ireland at the Antient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, Dublin
29—Mar. 12—Billiard Association's Amateur Championship at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square, W.C.

FOOTBALL (RUGBY).

6—Cambridge Univ. *v* Richmond at Cambridge
6—Wales *v* Scotland at Swansea
13—England *v* Ireland in London
15—Cambridge Univ. *v* North of Ireland at Cambridge
17—Cambridge Univ. *v* Lennox at Cambridge
20—Cambridge Univ. *v* London Welsh at Queen's Club, W. Kensington
27—Ireland *v* Scotland in Ireland

FOOTBALL (ASSOCIATION).

3—Cambridge Univ. *v* G. O. Smith's XI at Queen's Club, W. Kensington
6—F. A. Cup, 1st Round
6—Cambridge Univ. *v* Casuals at Cambridge
6—Middlesex F. A. Senior Cup, Semi-Finals
10—Surrey *v* Berks. and Bucks. at Croydon
10—Cambs. *v* Herts. at Cambridge
11—Norfolk *v* Suffolk at Norwich
13—F. A. Amateur Cup, 2nd Round
13—London F. A. Senior Cup, Semi-Finals
13—Oxford *v* Cambridge at Queen's Club, W. Kensington
20—F. A. Cup, 2nd Round
21—Somerset *v* Dorset in Somerset
24—Middlesex *v* Surrey in Middlesex
25—Norfolk *v* Middlesex at Yarmouth
27—Scottish League *v* Irish League at Manchester
27—Corinthians *v* Stoke at Queen's Club, W. Kensington
27—F. A. Amateur Cup, 3rd Round
27—Surrey F. A. Senior Cup, Semi-Finals
29—England *v* Wales at Wrexham

LACROSSE.

6—Oxford Univ. *v* Gloucestershire at Oxford
6—Cambridge Univ. *v* Cheshire at Fenner's, Cambridge
17—Middlesex *v* Cambridge Univ. at Lord's
20—Surrey *v* Essex at Leyton
20—Kent *v* Middlesex at Lord's
20—Kent II. *v* Middlesex II. at Lee
20—Essex II. *v* Gloucestershire at Bristol

HOCKEY.

3—Southern Trial Match at Bromley
6—Devon *v* Somerset at Instow
6—Yorkshire *v* Lancashire in Lancashire
10—London *v* Combined Universities at Surbiton
11—Herts *v* Kent in Herts
13—Midlands *v* North in Birmingham
13 Scotland *v* Wales in Scotland
15—Hockey Association *v* Cambridge Univ. at Southgate
17—Sussex *v* Hampshire at Worthing
17—South of England *v* West, in the West
20—Devon *v* Cornwall in Cornwall
20—Cheshire *v* Yorkshire at Bradford
20—Northumberland *v* Cumberland at Newcastle
21—South *v* Midlands at Bromley
27—Devon *v* Gloucester in Gloucester
27—Wales *v* Ireland at Abergavenny

ROWING.

20—Thames R. C. Eights, Dinner and Smoker

CROSS-COUNTRY.

6—North of the Thames Inter-club Race
13—South of the Thames C. C. Association Championship at Redhill
27—Thames Valley H., Four-mile Cross-country Handicap at Barnes
27—Southern Counties C. C. Championship at Lingfield Park

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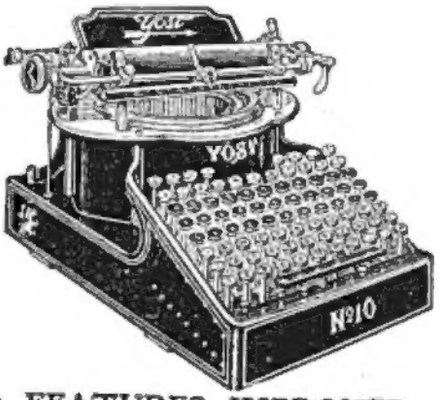

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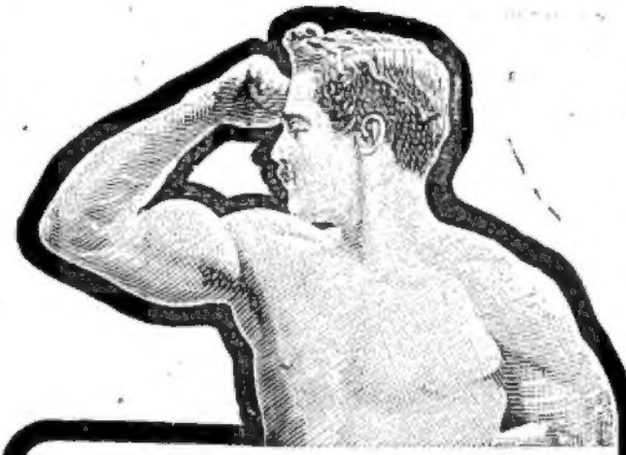

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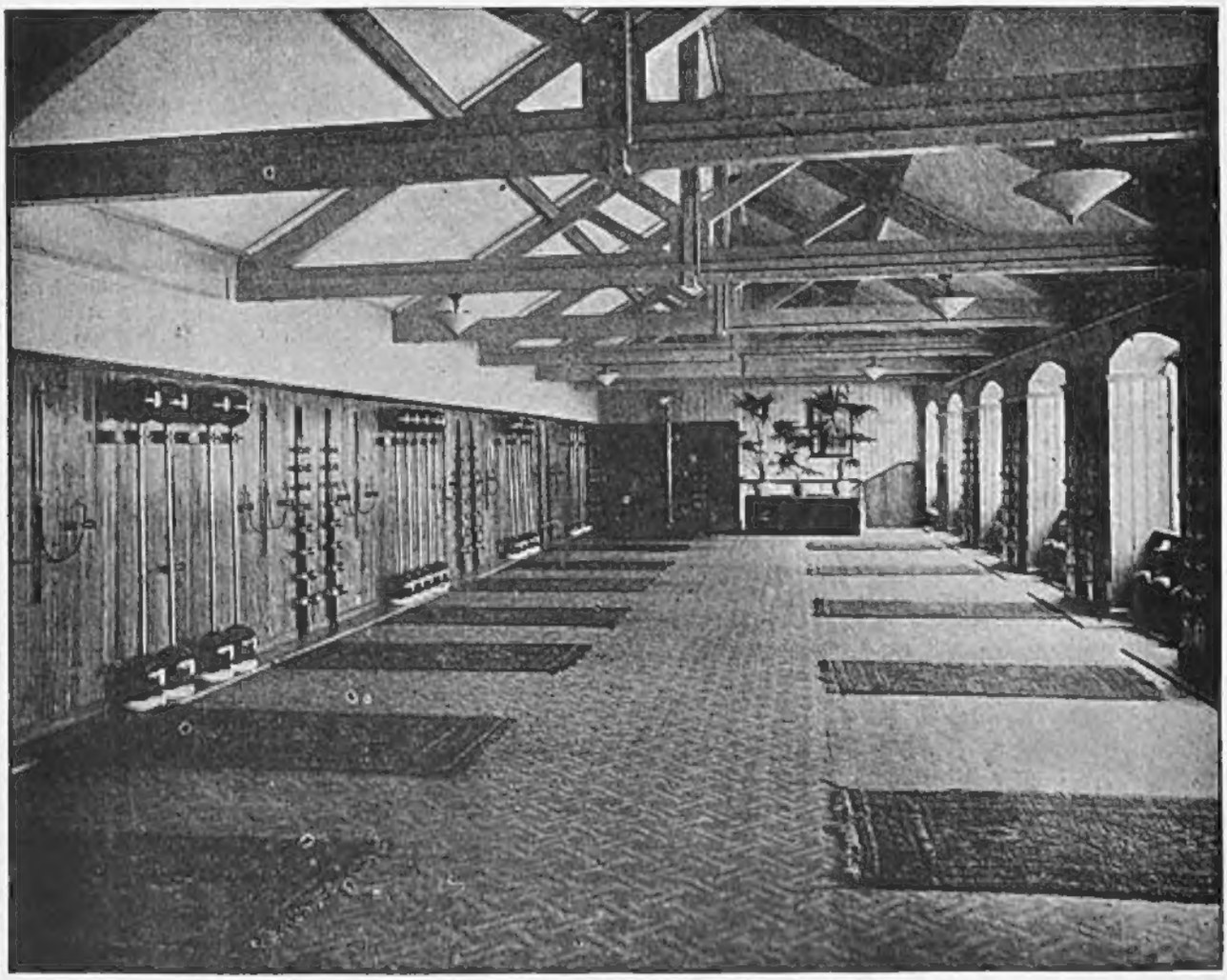

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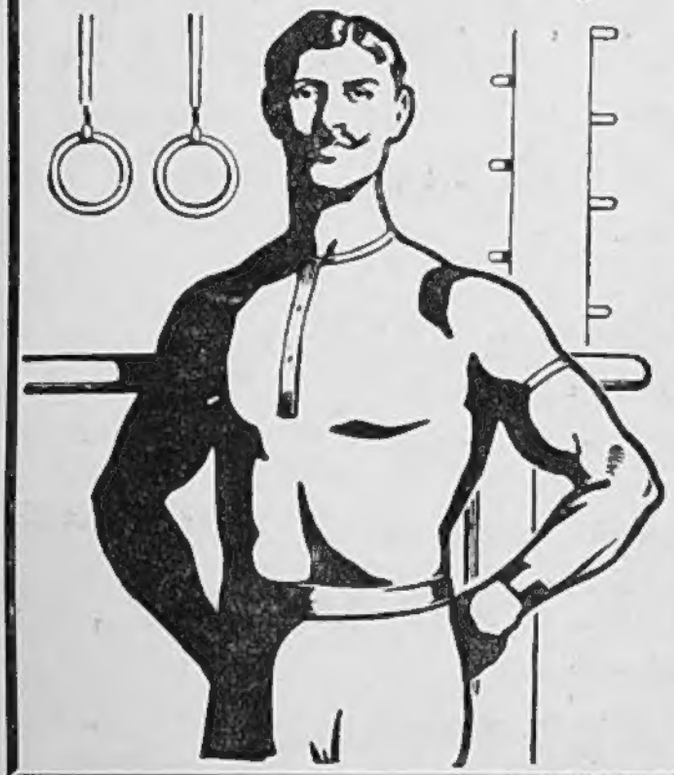

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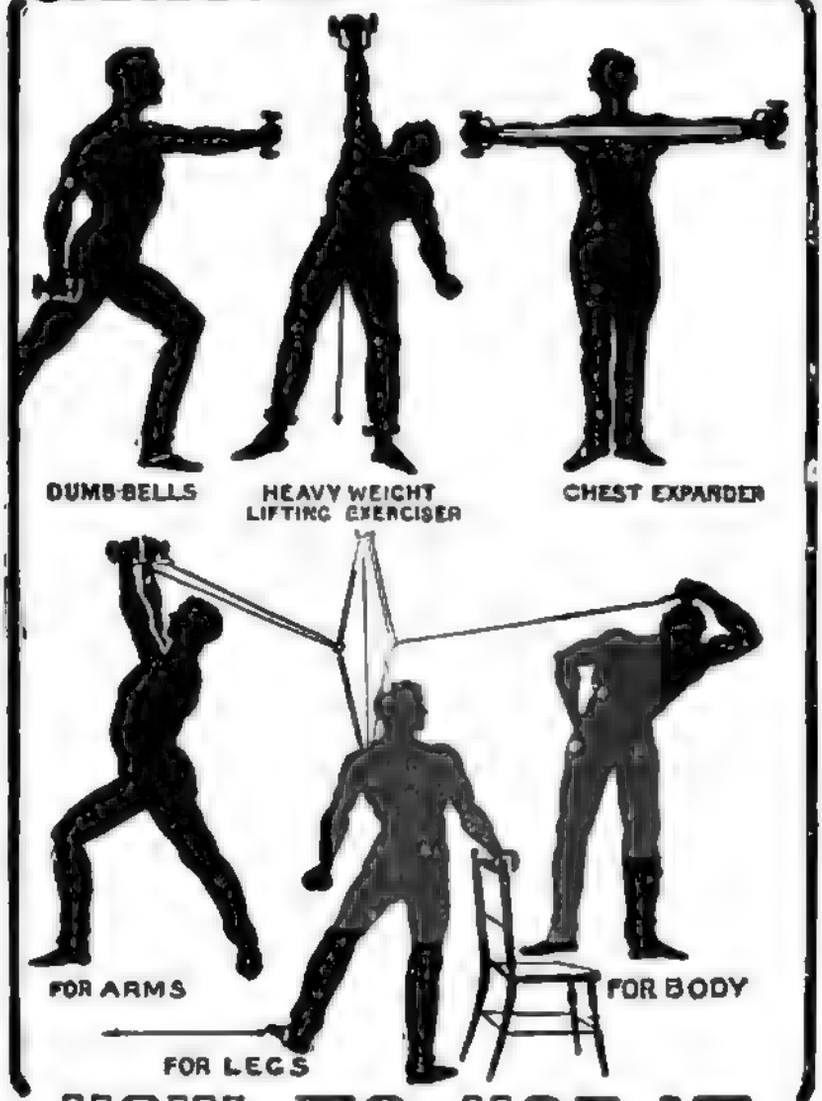

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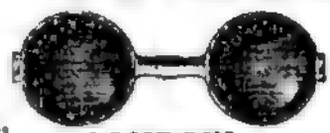

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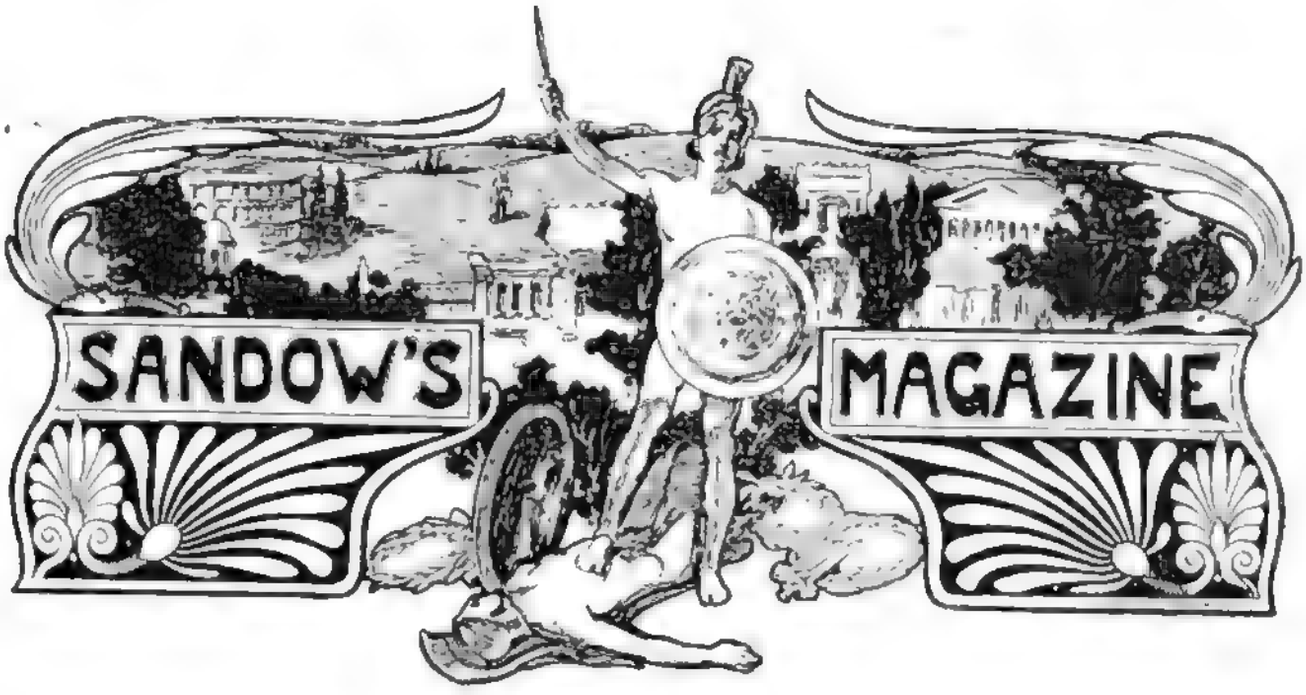

OF
PHYSICAL CULTURE, SPORT, AND FICTION.

Deterioration.

DOCTORS' VIEWS.

I HAVE read, with extreme interest, the letter which Dr. Robert Farquharson, Member of Parliament for West Aberdeenshire, recently wrote to *The Times*, and which is reproduced in another part of this magazine; but whilst agreeing with him on many points, there are some on which I am afraid we fall foul. With the first and last paragraphs of his letter I cordially agree. Undoubtedly the question of the hour is, or should be, the question of physical deterioration. In my mind there can be no gainsaying the fact "that there is more in this than meets the eye" of the superficial observer, and we are actually "face to face with a grave national emergency, which requires immediate attention if we are to stave off national disaster"; and also that "the subject is of such great and vital importance as to put even the fiscal policy in the shade," etc., etc.

The points of Dr. Farquharson's letter with which I do not agree, however, are those referring to the results accruing from the recent Scottish Commission on Physical Training, towards which I was pleased to supply my small quota of information, and the results of which Commission I have endeavoured to circulate wherever the welfare of the British race is at heart, by publishing, at my own expense, extracts from, and comments on, the findings of the Commission. That Commission did a deal of good in many ways, as I can prove; and certainly, so far as Scotland is concerned, is already bearing good fruit. Surely Dr. Farquharson cannot be in earnest when he says that "this admirable piece of work attracted little attention when it first appeared, and it has now sunk into unmerited oblivion." That inquiry has been the means of raising increased interest in physical culture throughout the

country and the schools generally. Proof of this reaches me daily in the shape of applications from masters of private and public schools to supply them with my scheme, to which I have already referred extensively in these pages. In dealing with the question of the Committee which is now sitting preparatory to a Royal Commission, Dr. Farquharson does not appear to be quite in touch with his subject when he says that "there is a musty taint of officialism about it (the Committee) which will somewhat interfere with the complete confidence which ought to be unreservedly given to an inquiry such as this undertaken at such a time. It may be that these experienced office men are merely preparing the ground for those who are to succeed them," etc. If I understand aright, this is the very object of the Committee; they are to pave the way for the Commission which is to succeed them, when no doubt the question will receive much wider attention than at the present time. I am with Dr. Farquharson in his opinion that it is inadvisable to take the impressions of the great medical corporations as a direct guide. As he says, "the nature of their official composition prevents them from being fully representative of any but the consultant class." It comes as a great source of gratification to me to find that we have yet another champion in the cause of Physical Culture in the House; and it is pleasing to learn that Dr. Farquharson promises, during the next session, to bring the subject forward prominently by moving an amendment to the Address.

I note that Dr. Farquharson cites, as the two chief causes of physical deterioration, the habit of juvenile cigarette smoking, and improper feeding. I was informed just recently, by a prominent manufacturer, that penny packets of cigarettes, sold under a certain name, were one of their largest sources of income; and it is a well-known fact that this particular brand is, in the youth's eyes, his mascot; and undoubtedly it is this smoking of cheap cigarettes which, in the young, has such a baneful effect, and to which may be attributed many of the formidable symptoms quoted by Dr. Farquharson, as given by Professor Cash, of Aberdeen.

Where Dr. Farquharson makes a great mistake, however, is on the question of the feeding of the poorer classes. He thinks that the State should provide "some machinery by which the poor little waifs and strays who now crowd the benches of our Board Schools may get enough food, not only to keep body and soul together, but to add the extra margin necessary to meet the demands of their rapidly-growing and expanding minds." But why should the State provide? I maintain that a great deal of this under-feeding is the result of ignorance on the part of the mothers of these children rather than the inability of the fathers to supply the required amount. Let the mothers of these poor children be taught how to feed their offspring properly, and by means of legislation increase the sense of parental responsibility.

Dr. Farquharson's letter was succeeded by one from Dr. Robert Jones, the physician to the great lunatic asylum at Claybury, who, like the member for West Aberdeenshire, confined himself to the children, and complains that a great proportion of the school curriculum is useless. Dr. Jones points out that the present system of education fails to prepare girls for home life, which is so necessary for them to become good wives and mothers, and is responsible for a large proportion of the high infant mortality and impairment of physique, and the lack of natural development which is affecting the present generation owing to the improper rearing of children. Dr. Jones, however, goes further than his brother practitioner; for, whilst admitting that the food question is one of very great importance, he strikes the right note when he recognises the great good which can and is being done by physical culture, which I feel convinced will, ere long, be realised as the great means to the end.

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[THE FLORENTINE POET. (*Cabanel.*)

Physical Beauty in Art.

By C. LANG NEIL.

CHAPTER II.

Illustrated with Reproductions from the Autotype Co.'s Issues of Famous Pictures.

TITIAN may well be considered as the third of a great contemporary triumvirate, of which the other two were Raphael and Michael Angelo. Eulogistic critics proclaim him the greatest of the three, but this certainly seems an exaggeration.

Titian's life was cast in different atmosphere from that which surrounded these twain of his brethren in art.

Raphael and Michael Angelo served popes and ecclesiastical dignitaries, whilst Titian worked for monarchs and civil magnates. Hence Titian's work, both in colour and form, has more of the sensuous than either of the others.

Born about 1477—for the exact date is not certain—at Pieve, in the Venetian Alps, he became, by occupation, a house-painter.

At this period a house-painter was not what he is at the present day, but a frescoist of merit, for the nobility vied one with another as to the most artistic adornments for the exteriors of their palaces.

Curious to relate, the first recorded work of Titian was, like that of Raphael and Michael Angelo, a fresco of Hercules! Another instance of a master mind of beauty turning thus early to the form of a mighty man as the fittest emblem of loveliness.

A period of work upon sacred subjects followed, and it was at this time that the picture, "Christ and the Tribute Money," was executed, which has been described as "the most perfect easel picture of which Venice ever witnessed the production."

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APOLLO AND DIANA. (*A. Durer.*)

But dominated as was the whole atmosphere of art of the age by religious influence, Titian again, like most of his greatest *confrères*, breaks away, whenever possible, to depict subjects which allow of the introduction of more vigorous, muscular, and manly figures than the conventions and limitations of sacred subjects would permit. So we hear of him presently petitioning the Doge and Council of Venice to employ him upon the "canvas of the battle, which is so difficult that no one, as yet, has had the courage to attempt it."

His request was eventually acceded to in the year 1516, but we read that in 1537 he was still delaying its execution, notwithstanding the fact that he had drawn a salary on account of it for close upon twenty years, so that it cannot be said that Titian laboured under the financial embarrassments which have so often proved the refining fire of painters' artistic gold. At a loss to know what pressure to put upon him to persuade him to proceed with the work, the wise plan was adopted of issuing a decree to compel Titian to refund all he had received. It proved successful, for he thereupon "threw upon canvas" the wonderful "Battle of Cadore."

Titian must himself have been of most robust constitution, for he was still pursuing his artistic calling at the age of ninety years, finally departing this life when within one year of the "century."

On his art, an able writer in the "Dictionary of Painters" says:—It reaches the highest perfection of sensuous beauty. As a colourist he stands perhaps unrivalled; but we miss, in his works, that spiritual loveliness which moves the heart more than the senses in the works of several other Italians. "The Venetian mind—and Titian's especially, as the central type of it—was wholly realistic,

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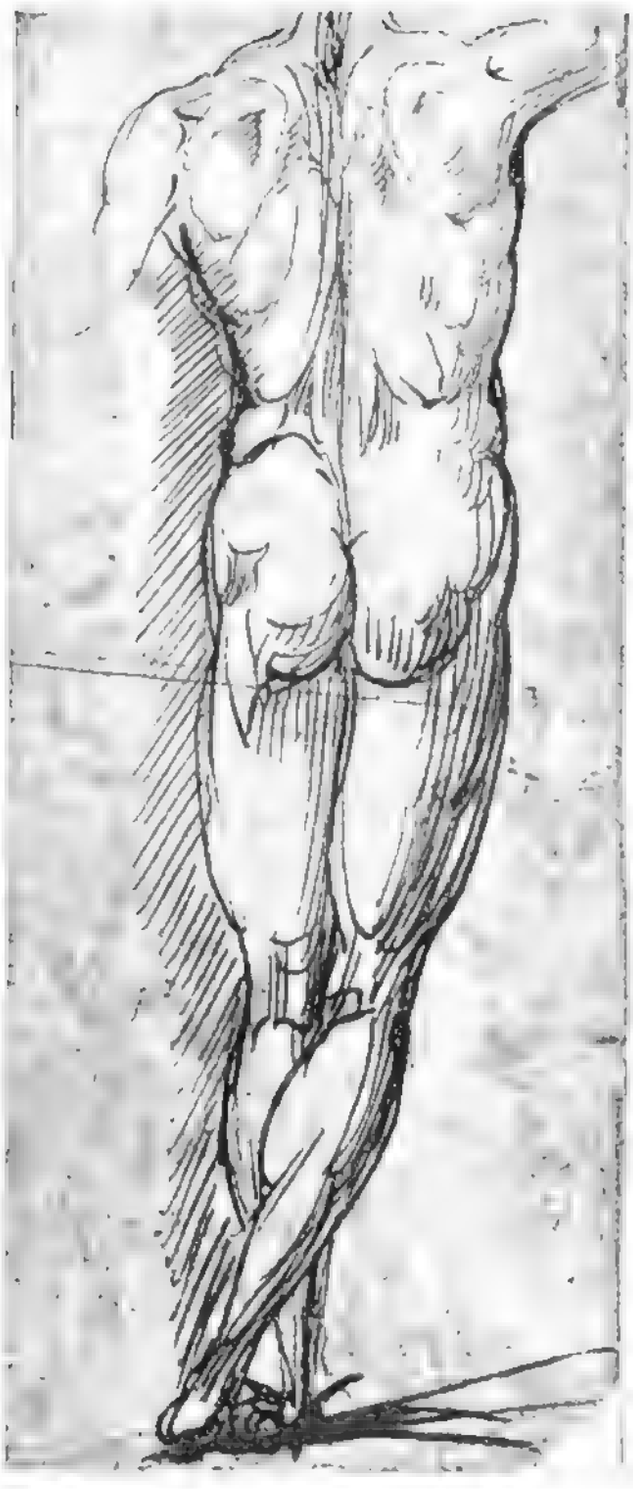
A VOTIVE OFFERING TO CUPID. (*Greuze.*)



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STUDY OF A MAN FROM THE BACK. (*Raphael.*)

universal, and manly," writes Ruskin. In truth, the asceticism of the early religious painters had no hold over the Venetians of the 16th century, who strove, like the Greek artists before them, to represent life in its full enjoyment and animal perfection. No one has ever done this more splendidly than Titian.

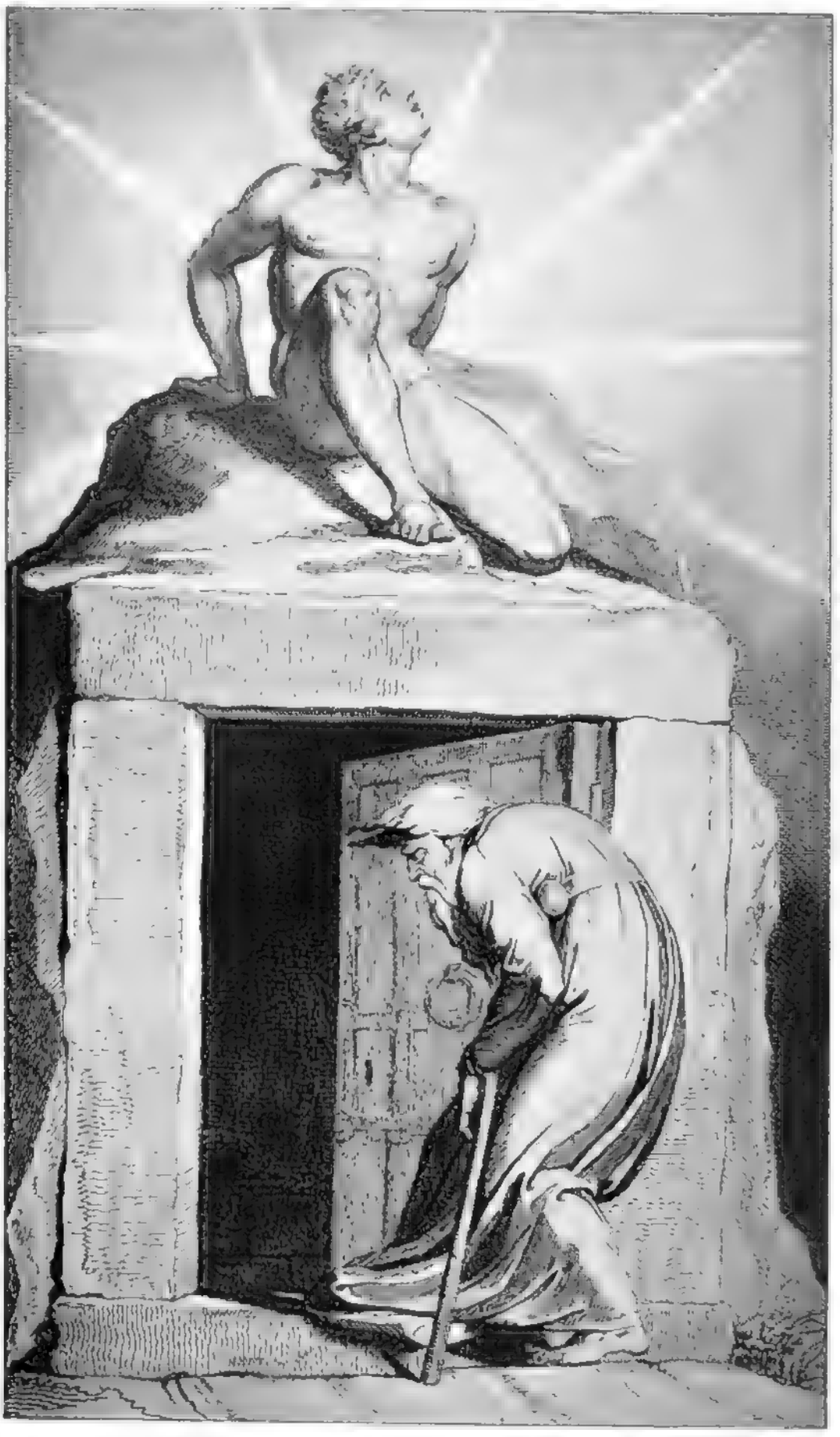
Titian's long life carries us forward almost to the period of the next two outstanding masters, whose time was, roughly speaking, a hundred years after Raphael and Michael Angelo.

It is not Italy this time that can claim the two men whose ideals we shall next compare. The scene is changed, and it was in Spain, at lordly Seville, that Velasquez was born in the year 1599. He is known to the world as a portrait painter, hence his works will not have so great an interest for my physical culturist readers, but I would point out that the face and head play a much more important part in the making up of the well-developed man as a whole than is generally appreciated. We have nowadays dropped into a habit of judging a man's development from his neck to his feet, leaving out of all consideration the crowning part—the head. Surely this should not be.

Portrait painter though he was, yet Velasquez did not under-rate the value of the depiction of fine limbs. We are told by George C. Williamson, in his "Miniature Series" life of that artist, that his teacher, "Herrara, taught him the strenuous force of limbs, the power to delineate emotion, the importance of understanding the character of his sitter."

It was when Velasquez was at the height of his fame, that a youth from his own native city of Seville tramped all the long and weary distance over the mountains and the dry plains to seek audience of the great Court portrait painter. Murillo — Bartolomé Estéban Murillo, for such was his full name — was the youth in question. Touched by the enthusiasm which could lead a youth to undertake so arduous a journey, Velasquez resolved that his errand should not prove fruitless. He took young Murillo under his protection, admitted him to his studio, introduced him to the great men of the Court, and even to the King.

It is strange that, despite all this, Murillo



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DEATH'S DOOR. (*W. Blake.*)

was so little influenced in his art by Velasquez that his work may be said to be the antithesis of that of his patron.

Whilst Velasquez was always sombre, mysterious, and awe-inspiring in his genius, Murillo was a disciple of sweet loveliness. The figures in his paintings are always of a well-developed chubby type. Though they show that he placed high value on a true knowledge of the details of the human anatomy, yet the muscular form, whilst by no means overlooked, was yet never given that prominence or held in such importance as it was by the Italian school of a hundred years before. Murillo was a religious painter in two senses. He, personally, was a man of

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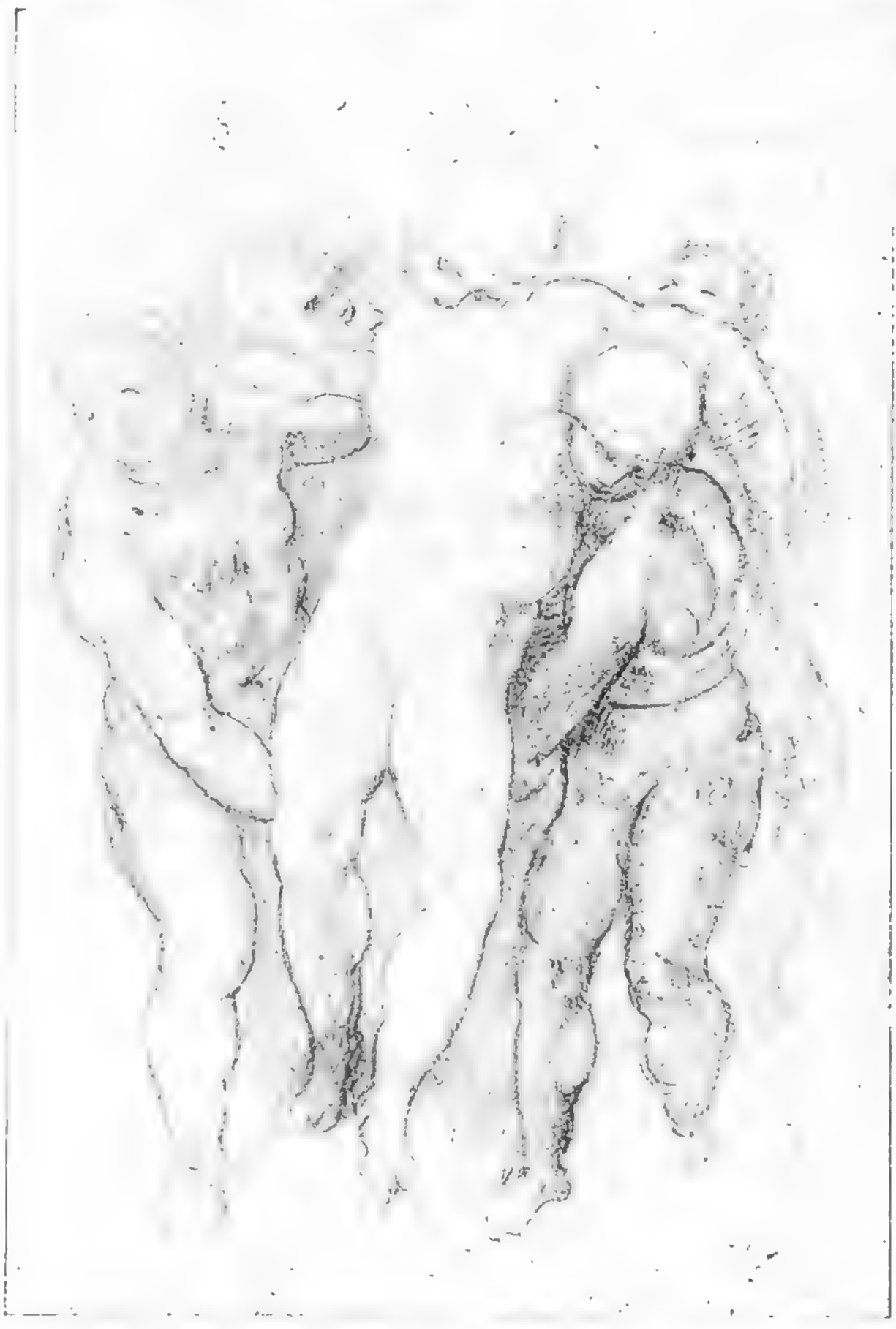
LADY HAMILTON AS BACCHANTE. (*Romney.*)



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SKETCH FOR "THE ENTOMBMENT." (*M. Angelo.*)

strong religious convictions, and the bulk of his output of pictures were on religious subjects, yet, strange to say, the critics are unanimous in agreeing that he reached his highest perfection of art when in genre work—when he painted the natural living figures of the sturdy young Andalusian boys and girls.

George C. Williamson (Bell's "Miniature 'Murillo'") tells us that "He (Murillo) desired that there should be many others practising the same art in Seville, and he therefore founded an academy in which the scholars paid whatever they could afford. In it they were able *to draw from the living model*, and obliged to devote all their time whilst within its walls to the exercise of their art. In this way he foreshadowed exactly the same course that a couple of centuries after was in full force in Paris, and is still regarded as the best method of teaching;" and again, of his work: "That he is at times over-sweet, even to the limit of insipidity, must be frankly confessed, but the critic who makes such an assertion is usually one who has seen but little of the work of the master, and has been unable to realise, by reason of his inexperience, the full strength of the artist at his best. Murillo could be as strong as he liked, so strong as to astonish the average critic; but he was never rough or brutal in his strength, and there was a sympathy and a fervour about his strength which redeemed it."

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MRS. MARY HALE AS L'ALLEGRO. (*Reynolds.*)

The physical culturist who looks at a figure not only from the art side will quite agree with Mr. Williamson, for there is plenty of strength in the figures, which will appeal at once to his eye, practised as it is to take in all the strong or weak points of a form at a glance.

Contemporary with Velasquez and Murillo, and a friend of each of them, yet a painter of an absolutely different type of human beauty, was the Flemish genius Peter Paul Rubens. Like Titian, he was a courtier. His father before him had basked in the favour of noble ladies, and even suffered captivity on account of an intrigue in connection with a princess of Royal blood. At twelve years of

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A MOORISH BATH. (*Gerome.*)

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STUDY FOR A SEATED MALE FIGURE. (*M. Angelo.*)

age or thereabouts, young Rubens was attached as a page to the household of a countess. Thus, early, he acquired the customs and courtesies of the noble society of the age, and became fitted for the diplomatic missions which in later life he carried on with an equal success to that which he attained in his art.

In all times a life lived amongst the aristocracy has influenced artists towards the sensuous, and in Rubens, beyond all others, was this the case; in fact, his work is more than sensuous, it reaches again and again to the voluptuous, yet his powerful drawing and depth of brilliant colouring stamp him a master whose ideals cannot be passed over in the present series of articles.

It was a diplomatic mission, undertaken in order to remove himself from the many sad reminders of his recently deceased wife, which took him to Spain and threw him, the apostle of the sensuous, into the companionship of Velasquez, the portrayer of the sombre and the serious. As is often the case, a warm friendship and mutual regard sprang up between these two extremes.

It was during this diplomatic

stay at the Spanish Court that a courtier, unaware of Rubens' principal vocation, Majesty's representative amuse himself with painting?" "No," replied Rubens, "the artist

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JUDAH AND TAMAR. (*Vernet.*)

one day discovered him painting and exclaimed, "Ho! does His Most Catholic sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy." In London a year later he was knighted,

and in the following year he married again, his second wife being his niece, Helena Fourment, whose portrait appears in many of his pictures.

Of his ideals of womanly development, I may probably be somewhat generally contradicted when I say that the figures in his pictures show, as a whole, a finer appreciation of what a woman's physical development should be than those of almost any other artist. He errs, it is true, on the side of over-development, and his models are apt to be a trifle fleshy. But his error on the side of over-size is less than that in the other direction of the majority of painters, who hold up an under-sized and ill-developed frame in woman as the ideal.

A comparison of a Rubens' female figure with that of the woman in "The Knight-Errant," by Sir John Millais, which appeared as frontispiece in the last issue, does not show much difference in physical proportion, but no one has ever suggested that Millais was "gross" in his conceptions. Rubens' rich, deep colouring it was that added the excess of voluptuousness to the already fine, full figures of his female ideals.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE. (*Walker.*)

Doctors and Deterioration.

TWO important letters on the question of the physical deterioration of certain classes appeared recently in *The Times*; one from Dr. Robert Farquharson, M.P., and the other from Dr. Robert Jones, physician to the County Lunatic Asylum at Claybury. Mr. Sandow has dealt with the communications in another part of the magazine, so that further comment is unnecessary, and we need only refer our readers to subjoined chief points in the respective letters.

Dr. Farquharson says:—

"The question of the hour is, or certainly ought to be, that of physical degeneration. Is the vital capacity of our race deteriorating, and must we face the disconcerting act that the battles of the future, whether on the field or in the workshop, must be fought with blunt weapons, with dulled brains, and with stunted frames? Is all this a mere physiologist's fad, one of those periodical scares which sound so loud in the columns of the silly-season Press, or is it a real and threatening danger which deserves the attention of our best and most experienced minds, both in and outside Parliament? A detailed survey of the evidence leads me to the belief that there is more in this than meets the eye of the superficial observer, and that we are actually face to face with a grave national emergency, which requires immediate attention if we are to stave off national disaster.

"The first note of real warning was struck by Sir James Crichton Browne, in a letter written to a Bradford paper nearly twenty years ago. The facts therein detailed and conclusions deduced from them so deeply impressed Mr. Mundella that he invited Dr. Browne, as he then was, to visit a few schools 'and state his impressions as to the effect of their work on the health of the children attending them.' A careful inspection was accordingly made of a varied number of educational establishments and the results summed up in a report dated April 30, 1884, and soon afterwards laid on the table of the House of Commons. Space does not allow me to do more than to give the barest abstract of the heavy indictment brought, in picturesque and forcible language, against a system which forces into the half-starved brains of our poor little children an ever-increasingly complex mass of conflicting detail, which the food-supplying power of the parents cannot meet by stoking up the fires of life sufficiently. Over-pressure was the burden of Sir James's song; and he found that large numbers of children came breakfastless to school, and remained there dinnerless; that frontal headache, and St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, and dental caries were too often observed; that short sight was on the increase, and that insanity was on the rise. He even went so far as to ascribe the augmental total of deaths from nervous disorders in later years to the unstable equilibrium established during those early and critical periods of growth and development. One of your correspondents, whose name has escaped me for the moment, in a short but most weighty letter, drew forcible attention to the marked physical deterioration in the school children of Leeds during the last few years, and the Royal Commission on Physical Training laid great stress on this food question, as well as on the proper ventilation of school buildings and the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. It may, of course, be argued, and with some plausibility, that these melancholy experiences are partly exceptional, and are mainly confined to our large towns, and if we visit rural Scotland the bright rosy faces of the children and their fresh and vigorous minds show that porridge and milk still hold the field as not the worst things on which to cultivate literature.

C

"The late Lord Playfair, in a remarkable address given to his constituents in Edinburgh nineteen years ago, told them how juvenile mortality had gone down 'since the introduction of a universal school system,' and how the 'large, well-heated, and ventilated schoolrooms have enforced on our juvenile population habits of cleanliness and order, resulting in greatly improved health.'

"True although this is, it does not do away with the fact that nearly one-third of our population are compelled reluctantly to toe the line that separates chronic starvation from sufficient nourishment, and that it is, therefore, impossible for them to meet the demands made on brain and body by the complicated system of alternate work and play now forced on the rising generation by the demands of codes and educational departments.

"I am enough of a Socialist to hold that, if we compel children to go to school, we must see to it that they are not physically or mentally injured in the process. And if private enterprise can furnish an excellent meal, 'fit for the gills of a Bishop,' at a halfpenny a head, surely the State can provide some machinery by which the poor little waifs and strays who now crowd the benches of our Board Schools may get enough food not only to keep body and soul together, but to add the extra margin necessary to meet the demands of their rapidly growing and expanding minds.

"Among the principal causes of physical deterioration, that excellent observer, Professor Cash, of Aberdeen, in an address to the Educational Institute of Scotland, gives a high place to juvenile cigarette smoking; and the following formidable list of symptoms produced by this objectionable habit seems to prove his case. Among them are chronic hoarseness, lack of appetite, dyspepsia, pallor from impaired blood formation, rapid and intermittent pulse, and pain in the region of the heart, difficulty of breathing, and disinclination to partake of those athletic exercises which ought to be the delight of healthy youth; and when to these are added headache, mental weariness, slowness of thought, causing muddled ideas, defective memory, impatience, and irritability, and grave lowering of the moral tone, I do not think I can be accused of supporting grandmotherly legislation when I suggest that we should imitate America and Germany and other foreign countries in preventing anyone under sixteen from indulging in the habitual use of tobacco.

"It is proposed to have a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole subject, and probably there is no more convenient plan for collecting information, although the Blue-book outcomes of these learned tribunals too often slumber in mouldy 'drowsyhead' on dusty shelves along with their companions in affliction, and nothing particular results from their labours. A good illustration of this is furnished by the Royal Commission on Physical Training (Scotland), whose report has lately been presented to Parliament along with the bulky evidence of a careful inquiry conducted by able men, in the course of which 28 sittings were held, 127 witnesses examined, and a large number of schools in all parts of the United Kingdom inspected, chiefly by surprise visits.

"This admirable piece of work attracted little attention when it first appeared, and it has now sunk into unmerited oblivion; but I hope during the next session of Parliament to whip up the flagging interest in the important subject to which it refers by an amendment to the Address. The composition of the new tribunal seems to have 'caught on' very imperfectly: and, although I should not like to disparage it in advance, I am bound to say that there is a musty taint of officialism about it which will somewhat interfere with the complete confidence which ought to be unreservedly given to an inquiry such as this undertaken at such a time. It may be that these experienced office men are merely preparing the ground for those who are to succeed them, but if their deliberations are to be final the absence from their number of certain names, representing special classes

and interests, must have a damaging influence on the success of their labours.

"General Sir F. Maurice, whose excellent article in the January number of the *Contemporary* started the hare, which is being pursued in the open, Dr. Macnamara, an expert of the experts, Sir J. Crichton Browne, John Burns, whose robust common-sense has been exercised on this subject, and some more doctors and educational authorities should be added to the list if their conclusions are to be final and judicial.

"I see that it is proposed to take the opinion of the great medical corporations as to the scope of the inquiry and the class of evidence to be obtained. No one can question the dignity and authority of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons; but it must be remembered that the nature of their official composition prevents them from being fully representative of any but the consultant class; and if we wish to get the opinion of the rank and file we must appeal to the British Medical Association, which now numbers 18,000 members, which has branches in every corner of the civilized world, and whose organization is focussed and co-ordinated by a small Parliamentary Committee worked by my energetic and reforming friend, Sir Victor Horsley.

"In conclusion, may I point out another avoidable cause of physical deterioration? We are doing fairly well in recruiting just now, although Deputy Surgeon-General Don, with his vast and unique experience in the sifting of our raw material, tells us that 30 per cent. of the youths who crave for a military career have to be rejected for physical reasons. But even those that have successfully passed the ordeal are poor enough specimens after, and we hear on all sides denunciations of the poor stamina of our young soldiers, who are simply swept out of existence by cholera and enteric whenever they have to take the field under the red-tape *régime* of the War Office authorities. For how is this raw material worked up into the completed soldier, who learns the drill at Aldershot, which enabled a handful of Dutch peasants to beat the flower of English chivalry out of the field time after time during the late disastrous war. These poor boys, dragged from the cart-tail or rescued from the ranks of the unemployed or the shelters of the submerged tenth, are sent to a recruiting station, where for weary hour after hour their poor muddled brains and their relaxed muscles are strained to learn a most complicated series of military evolutions, which would try the patience and test the endurance of the completed warrior 'serenely full' of the traditional beef and beer of the barrack-room. But will it be believed that these poor young fellows, struggling to master their new business, are deliberately denied the messing allowance which they will afterwards get when the full-fledged recruit has grown into the Mulvany of the Curragh or Wellington Barracks. Human pedantry cannot beat this obstinate refusal to supply the proper nourishment to the young lad which is absolutely needed to keep body and soul together and supply material for his growth; and I hope that my friend, Colonel Legge, who has at least twice brought this very real grievance under the notice of the House of Commons, will not cease pegging away until he has brought the War Office clerks to their senses. Excellent arrangements are made by the Guards' officers at Warley to supplement the meagre scale of nourishment doled out by a grateful country to those who are learning their business there, and whose voluntary enlistment preserves us from conscription. But elsewhere the recruit is compelled to spend every farthing he can scrape together on food; and can one wonder that, bullied by serjeants, swindled by the delusive promise of a free ration, and starved into a condition of continuous weakness and nervous depression, he should seek refuge in flight? It is rather a sinister commentary on our military system that there were 7,000 desertions last year, many of them, as John Burns points out in his excellent articles in a North Country paper, during the first three weeks of service.

Those three weeks, or whatever the time may be, have taken it out of the young fellow considerably, and when he slips his chain and flees into the open he has practically joined the criminal classes, and his further descent is easy and rapid; and he and those who come after him—for like most improvident people he probably joins the matrimonial ranks—now go to swell the ranks of the unemployed and the submerged tenth, and those useless and incapable folk who so sorely vex the minds of social reformers.

"I must apologise for the length of these remarks, but the subject is of such great and vital importance as to put even the fiscal policy into the shade, and to claim at least an equal amount of public attention as that which is rightly fixed on the report of the Royal Commission on the South African war."

Dr. Jones, in his letter, makes the following important statements:—

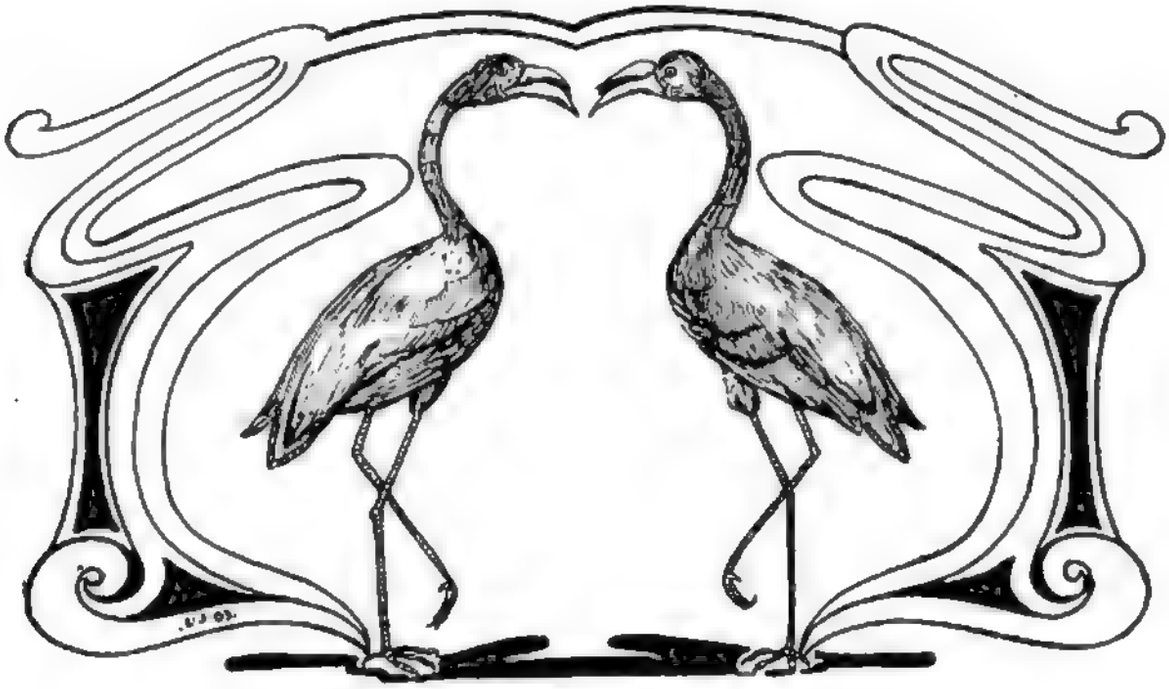
"As physician to a large metropolitan asylum for the insane, I have been greatly struck for some time with the unfavourable character, as to ultimate recovery, of the forms of mental disease in persons admitted under my care. Since the opening of this asylum in 1893 nearly 10,000 cases of insanity have been under treatment, and, compared with five-and-twenty years ago, the type of insanity to-day shows a greater tendency to end in dementia and to become incurable, and there is also an alarming impairment to be seen in the physique of both men and women. It is a gloomy record that in 1,000 consecutive male cases admitted between the ages of 15 and 25 the average weight and stature were considerably below the standard calculated on the tables of Hutchinson, Mackenzie, and Parkes.

"The interdependence of mental and bodily conditions is too well known a subject to need discussion. It is a parallelism which Dr. Farquharson recognizes, and he expresses a surprise that the State, which compels children to crowd on forms for weary hours, ill-clad and ill-fed, does not move in the matter of their bodily nutrition. This is one aspect, doubtless an important and urgent one: but there is in addition the further devitalizing effect upon the masses, due to their migration from the country to the towns: and there is also to be considered the present form of education, which for nearly thirty years has been prescribed in codes by the Education Department. I constantly see young women, who are the triumphs of our educational system, who seek situations as nurses here, but who have not the faintest knowledge of domestic duties, and, although professing it, not much more of piano-playing. I also have under treatment many from the class of factory girls, who teem in East London. All of these are practically ignorant in regard to household economy. They lightly consider and readily undertake matrimony; but they are absolutely incapable of bringing up children or of cooking simple food for home consumption, preferring to fall back upon the tinned enormities of local provision stores. Is it too much to surmise that the offspring of such mothers can preserve any factor of resistance to the incidence of disease, or to surmise that they contribute to the maimed, the deformed, and the degenerate in consequence? I venture to believe that instruction in cooking, domestic economy, and household duties should be the primary consideration of the educational authorities, and that some standard of efficiency should be required in the place of the 'shop-window elegancies' of piano-playing and drawing. Domestic service, at present beneath the so-called dignity of most young women, is the only real training which enables them to become good wives and mothers, and it is to-day a languishing industry, its neglect being, in my opinion, to a great extent responsible for the high infant mortality, and for the impairment of physique and the perversion of natural development which, without doubt, is affecting the present generation owing to the improper rearing of children.

"I do not deny that our own age is the most marked of any of its predecessors in

regard to the material, mental, and moral progress of mankind; but I do say that the path of progress is freely strewn with preventible mental wreckage and physical degeneration, and, if preventible, why, therefore, not prevented? The battle against diseases such as tubercle, rheumatism, and infection which is carried on through the better housing of the working classes, through the acquisition of open-air spaces, which afford the means of physical culture, and by the supervision of medical officers of health under municipal authorities—the battle against the ravages of alcohol, contagious diseases, and crime by the religious agencies already referred to, and by various philanthropic institutions—all these, in my opinion, are portions of the crusade; but they do not go far enough back. The *causa causans* is further than the actual disease, and is further than the elimination of its morbific agent. It lies, and must be looked for, in the prevention of those evils and adversities which are attendant upon town life, such as insecurity of trade, competition, rush and pressure, overcrowding in ill-lighted, insanitary houses, and in poisoned air—conditions which favour the social plagues from drink and disease, all of which cause a lowering of manly vigour and physique.

"Although we have in our midst optimists in regard to this question of physical deterioration, I am not one who sees the best possible conditions in the best possible world. I have quoted from a morbid experience, insomuch that we may learn from our failures as well as from our successes, and I fear that sleeping sickness occurs elsewhere than in Uganda; but it is too dangerous a symptom to be neglected. It is an unwelcome task to turn to the dark side of the shield, but Dr. Farquharson has called attention to what is, without a doubt, a serious and a real evil."



Indian Clubs.

A PLEA FOR GENUINE SWINGING.

FOURTEEN years ago Lemaire, in his excellent book on Indian clubs, wrote of the evils of knob-swinging. The following is the quotation:—"Never swing the clubs holding them by the knob of the handle only. It is a bad practice that is now widely spreading, and even taught, since the introduction of musical drills and of those peculiarly-shaped clubs known as sceptres. This bad habit is also made use of by many when showing off at displays, giving, as it does, the maximum of effect with the minimum of work. Swinging a club by holding the knob of the handle between the first finger and the thumb is of no earthly use as a strength-giving exercise, and is only possible with the light clubs now in use. In the good old times, when we were accustomed to 7 lb. clubs for light club work, this trickery would have been impossible. Clubs should be held with the handle well in the hand, the knob being outside the little finger. . . . ."

Cobbett and Jenkin say little about knob-swinging, evidently considering it beneath the notice of their standard work:—"Twists with light clubs are also sometimes done with the knob of the club held between the fingers and thumb, so that the club is not, properly speaking, grasped at all. These twists, which are called finger-twists, are, however, rather juggling feats than athletic exercises."

These are the opinions of the two standard works on club swinging, and yet, all over the country, this habit, which they only mention to condemn, is growing more and more common till it is really difficult to find a genuine club swinger. Light clubs are probably the chief cause of the evil. To go through the more difficult movements comparatively light clubs are necessary, but any man with moderately decent muscles should be able to do every exercise with 3 lb. clubs. The feather-weight articles used so often in displays are an insult to the name of Indian clubs. The variety artistes, known as "Indian club manipulators," have helped in some degree to spread trick swinging. There are few of them who swing the clubs at all. Perhaps at one time they could swing them well enough, but the superior attraction of juggling, and the readiness with which clubs lend themselves to this form of entertainment, soon put swinging into the background. With a few bright exceptions (Tom Burrows, among others), when any swinging is done it is knob-swinging.

Some years ago the Scottish Amateur Gymnastic Association brought the weight of the clubs used in the Championship from 2½ lb. down to 2 lb. It would have done far more towards encouraging genuine swinging if the weight had been increased to 3 lb., and if something had to be lowered the time (seven minutes) allowed each competitor

POSITION "1."

POSITION "II."

might have been curtailed. And some definite rule ought to be passed regarding the kind of swinging permitted, for it is equally hard on the trick swinger, who finds himself judged by one who favours genuine work, and on the genuine swinger, who finds that the judge permits trick swinging. A definite rule insisting on the correct grip (or grips, for there can be no objection to the reverse grip if held properly) would put an end to the confusion that exists on the subject.

Members of the principal gymnastic clubs, or of any clubs where the instructor understands the use of clubs, are not likely to fall into the habit of knob swinging. But there are very many who pick up the exercises on their own account, or whose instructors are unable to point out their mistakes. And these may go on practising year after year, getting practically no good out of their efforts. The result is seen in many club-swinging competitions, where the competitors often present a very poor appearance from a physical culture point of view. With narrow chests and bony shoulders they go through their exercises with apparently the sole object of getting a certain number of revolutions out of their clubs in a certain time, and never think of standing erect at their work, but sway from side to side like the mast of a ship in a heavy sea. In a competition lately the writer saw the first prize awarded to a competitor to whom he would not have given a single mark; but, of course, the judge is generally up to his business in a competition organised by a club of any importance, and in this case the showy trick swinger who gets beaten by the not so brilliant genuine swinger feels that he is badly used, and much bad feeling often results, which could all be saved by printing on the entry form some such rule as has already been suggested.

As examples of how pure club swinging affects the muscles the accompanying photos are given. The general idea with regard to clubs is that they are quite useless as a means of developing the muscles, and this is really the case when they are used merely for the sake of showing off some "flashy" exercises. When the movements are done correctly, however, they are most beneficial. All the muscles of the body are brought into play, but particularly those of the back, shoulders, and chest. Every swing also tends to expand the chest, and after all, that is what nine-tenths of the population require more than anything else. But to get these good effects it is absolutely necessary to stand erect and swing for the sake of exercise and not for show. Position I., for instance, would be of no use to the chest muscles if the body were leaning forward, as is often the case in this exercise. To get the full benefit of "II." the hands must actually

POSITION "IV."

cross behind the back. The common finger-twist back circles are often made more at the side than behind the back. No exercise could be better for the arms than the snake twist, "III." In its various movements it exercises the biceps, triceps and forearm, and always the shoulder, but here again the correct reverse grip must be held. The cross hip twist shown in "IV." even if the club were held by the knob would, from its peculiar position, give a certain amount of exercise to the shoulder and back, but the benefit is greatly increased when the proper grip is held. A dozen more examples could be given did space permit, but these four show as clearly as any number could do that genuine club swinging is not by any means to be disregarded as an aid to physical culture. The writer feels sure that if any erring knob swinger should read this article and be persuaded to change his style he would not be without his reward in the shape of a gradual but certain increase in his strength and development.

POSITION "III."

The Finest Police Force in the World.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

WHEN Mr. W. S. Gilbert introduced into his famous comic opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," the lines:—

"When constabulary duty's to be done,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one,"

he must have had in his mind the Royal Irish Constabulary, who at that time (the early eighties) were doing their level best to stamp out that curse of the Emerald Isle—Fenianism. That their efforts have had good effect is apparent, when one considers the present peaceful state of the country, as compared with the condition of things twenty years back. This is largely the result of not only the firm stand taken by those in authority, but also the morale of the men, whose duty it is to carry out the orders and set a good example by their bearing.

During the "Reign of Terror" the men had a most trying time, being called upon to prevent "moonlighting" outrages, and this meant tramping over hill and bog on wet, dark nights; suppressing of "proclaimed meetings," where the chance of a riot and probably receiving a cracked skull were imminent; and protection of persons obnoxious to the league, besides assisting at resisted evictions, etc. And it must not be lost sight of that the force is composed almost exclusively of men of Irish nationality—sons of farmers and tradesmen—so that their unpleasant duties were made even more so by the fact that they sometimes were called upon to bear arms against their own kith and kin.

The force was created in 1834-5, and was first called the Constabulary of Ireland. Previously the peace-promoting bodies were the Baron Constables and Peace Preservation Police, who were quite inadequate to deal with the faction fights then so prevalent. It was Sir Robert Peel who, during his period of office as Secretary for Ireland, formed the present force.

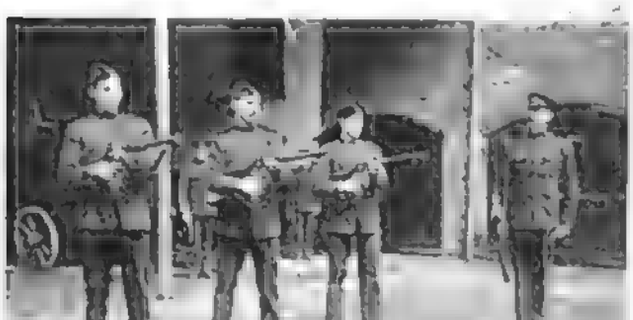
The City of Dublin has its own police (the Dublin Metropolitan Police), but with this exception the Royal Irish Constabulary perform the whole police duty throughout the country. Great authority is vested in the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, both with respect to the police of Dublin and the Royal Irish Constabulary. The immediate government is vested in the heads of the forces, but the party responsibility rests with the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The force holds the unique position of being the only one whose ordinary strength is entirely supported by Imperial taxation, subject, however, to payment by districts where special services are required.

Candidates for positions are always more numerous than vacancies, and great care is taken by the authorities in the selection of recruits, the chief essentials for qualification being a fair education and good character. Enrolment is, of course, voluntary, and beyond one month's notice there is nothing binding on the men to compel them to remain.

In round numbers the full strength of the force is eleven thousand men, with between two and three hundred officers, about one-half of which are raised from the ranks, so that there is always an extra inducement for

AMBULANCE DRILL.

men to join, although the pay is not particularly remunerative. A constable, upon his appointment, is entitled to receive £54 per year, rising to £70, which amount is slightly increased if he should be raised to the post of acting serjeant. As a serjeant he receives from £75 to £80, whilst after about twelve years' service he may reach from £90 to £104 as head constable. After that there is the possibility of securing a third-class



FIRING EXERCISE.

district inspectorship, to which is attached a stipend of £125, from which the next step is a second-class inspector, who receives from £150 to £180. Extra pay is given when on duty away from the station to which the men are allocated, and also for special duty, and liberal allowances are made for boot money, travelling, and lodgings for married men. With regard to this latter, however, a man is not allowed to marry until he has been in the force seven years, and even then is not allowed to reside in the same county as his wife should she be smart enough to keep herself. As a solatium, however, the men receive a month's holiday each year, during which they are in receipt of full pay. The Royal Irish Constabulary depôt is situate in Phoenix Park, and every recruit or newly-

A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.

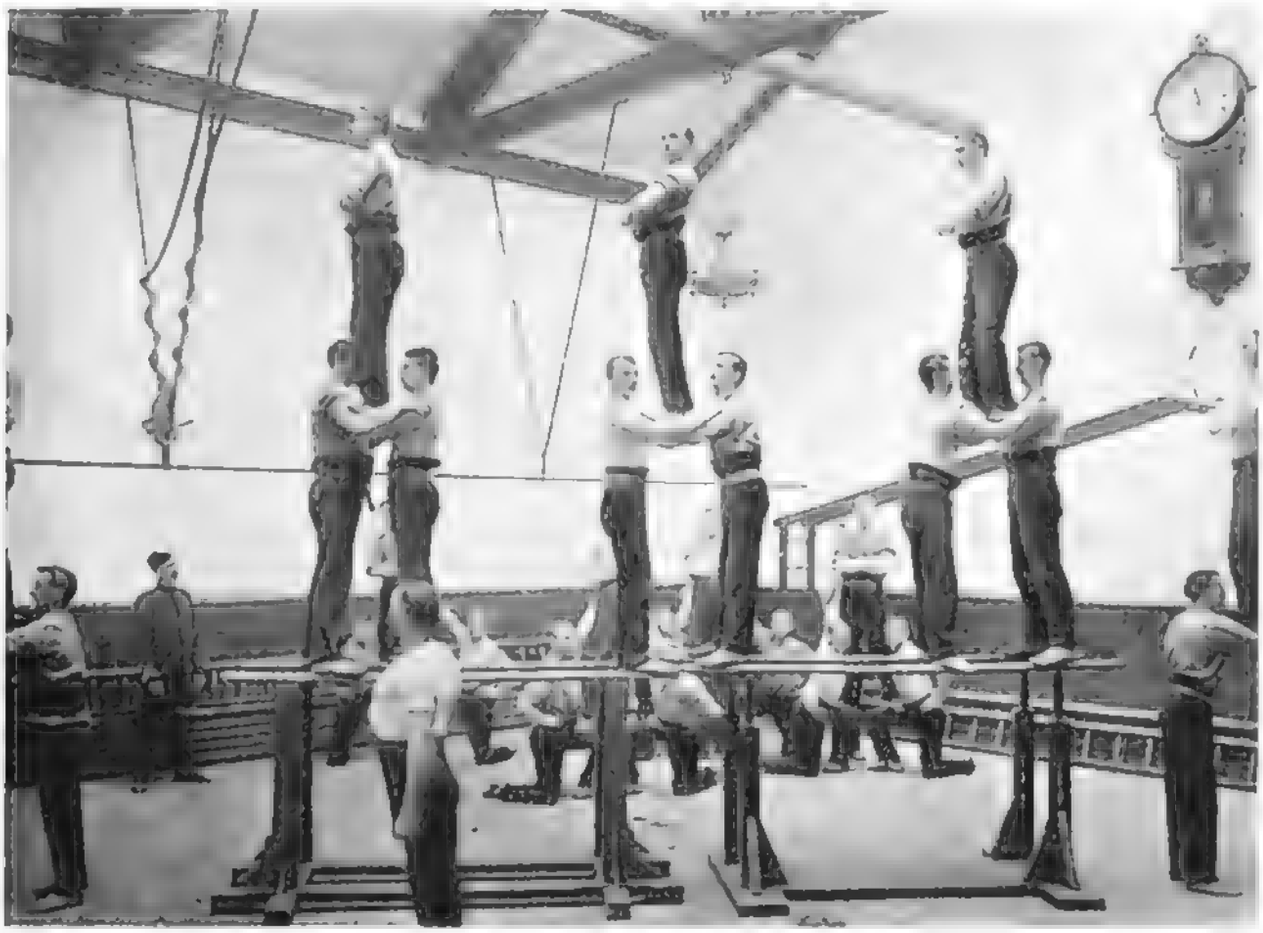
appointed officer remains on the strength of the depôt until certified as fit to take up his duties in the country—which is about six months. Whilst there the probationer is taught his various duties—the handling of the rifle and bayonet, with which the whole force, except the mounted men, is equipped, in addition to the police truncheon. Not

FIRE DRILL.

only do they gain proficiency in military training, but first aid to the wounded, ambulance and fire drill form important branches of the training, besides being initiated into the wiles of the illicit distillers and other artful law-breakers. Every recruit has to learn to swim, and instruction is given as to the means of restoring the apparently drowned, whilst a certain portion of time is allotted to the gymnasium, which naturally proves by no means the least congenial part of the novice's training, and it is this which enables the force to claim the proud distinction of being the finest body of men in the world. It should be mentioned that in the force there are some 250 mounted men, who perform escort, orderly and patrol duties, and are very useful in the time of disturbance or riot in the large towns.

Although the majority of the Royal Irish Constabulary are turned out the very acme of smartness, still one occasionally comes across a young member of the force whose knowledge of the world is hardly so extensive as desirable, and of such the following story is an excellent example:—

A young Irish constable, on night duty, recently came upon some soldiers of the Irish Guards watching the fall of the Leonids through a large telescope. The policeman had never seen such a big telescope before,



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

and on asking what was going on, was told that a new electric gun that could throw a shot as far as the moon was being tested. Just then a shooting star appeared, and the policeman, imagining that a highly successful shot had been made, called out—"Hurroo for ould Ireland! Be jabers, the Irish Guards beat the world for shooting. They can shoot the stars from hiven!"

M. A. H.

The "Lebaudy" Airship.*

JUST now, when the navigation of the air is claiming so much attention from scientists of all parts of the world, the following description of the flight and subsequent destruction of the new airship built by the famous French aeronaut, M. Paul Lebaudy, should prove interesting. It may be mentioned incidentally that the designer of the "Lebaudy" and the aspirant to the Emperorship of the Sahara are not one and the same person.

A few days ago, whilst the workmen were busy demolishing what were originally the waterworks in the late Exhibition grounds, they were greatly astonished at the sudden appearance of the "Lebaudy."

Starting at 9.20 a.m., the famous aeronaut brought his airship down just between the Eiffel Tower and the Galerie des Machines, having performed a flight of 55 kilometres in 1 hr. 41 mins. He was accompanied by M. Georges Juchmès (pilot) and M. Rey, the mechanic. The car was quickly detached, and the whole soon stored in the Galerie des Machines. This Galerie would, with little outlay, be an ideal balloon station. Why does not the city of Paris place this gigantic hall, which has so long been deserted, at the disposal of the French Aero Club? They would, by so doing, render a great service to lovers of aerial locomotion.

M. Lebaudy thus describes the trip:—

"At an altitude of 200 metres, according to M. Juchmès' log book, we passed over Vétheuil and Fontenoy, but afterwards redescended to 100 metres against the wind. After leaving Gargenville we followed the course of the Seine, which we crossed twice, till we reached Les Mureaux, which is on the direct line to Moisson and to the Champ de Mars. Towards the southern borders of the Verneuil Woods we again re-descended, to avoid condensation. We then skirted the southern side of the Vernouillet Woods by crossing the Seine for the third time. We afterwards crossed the Seine four times—first at the peninsula of Carrière at 10.20, leaving Poissy just beyond, the Forêt de St. Germain on our right, Loges at our left; then at Montesson, at l'Ile de Chatou, and last of all at Valerien, after having passed Nanterre. We passed Longchamp, near Bagatelle, and over the stands at Auteuil. After having passed over Passy we made for the Eiffel Tower, and descended in front of the Galerie des Machines. That was my destination. It was exactly 11.1 by my watch. We did the journey in 1 hr. 41 mins. I was obliged to steer my balloon in a straight direction. On starting I had 290 kilogrammes of available ballast. We never exceeded an altitude of 300 metres."

Lebaudy, the aeronaut, has again proved that aerial navigation is not an idle word. The journey has also shown equally, besides the facility of evolution, the excellent working of the mechanical parts, and also a satisfactory stability. Messrs. Julliot and Juchmès well merited the hearty applause and enthusiasm with which they were met.

M. Henri Julliot, the constructing engineer, born at Fontainebleau in 1855, passed his examination in 1876 at the Ecole Centrale, where he received his majority, having entered there in 1873. On leaving the college he was appointed technical director of the important refinery; since then he has filled this post most competently. The heads of the firm, Messrs. Paul and Peter Lebaudy, encouraged him to study the aerial navigation department, and gave him the means of turning out an apparatus which has added fame and glory to French aeronautic history.

George Juchmès, pilot of the airship, was born in Paris on July 18th, 1874, his parents having migrated to Paris from Lorraine; he was educated at the Chaptal College. On

* By permission of the proprietors of *La Vie au Grand Air*.

July 14th, 1901, at the age of 17, he made his first ascent alone. On leaving the military service he was appointed aeronaut to the Etablissement Central d'Aerostation, under the direction of M. G. Besançon. He obtained the laureateship at the balloon competition held in 1900 at the Exposition Universelle, and he took the first prize for altitude August 26th. On September 30th of the same year Juchmès piloted Messrs. Dard and Radisson from Vincennes to Warburg (Germany), having done 560 kilometres in 9 hrs. 31 mins. We hope that this clever and ingenious pilot may one day perform his journey there and back. It would furnish the incredulous with a convincing proof. The "Lebaudy" was supposed to return the same day, naturally concluding that the wind would be in the right direction. The wind blew in a north-north-easterly direction, and they knew that Moisson lay to the east of Paris; notwithstanding all, it is an established fact that an airship has accomplished a long distance flight worthy of its name.

The Collapse of the "Lebaudy."

An accident which might have ended fatally put an end to the career of the "Lebaudy," which made its triumphal entry into Paris the other day. They have now commenced to start afresh. "Lebaudy 1st has lived. Long live Lebaudy 2nd."

THE "LEBAUDY" LEAVING FOR PARIS.

The work of taking away part of the inner walk in the Galerie des Machines having been completed, the "Lebaudy" left its temporary moorings for the Usine Militaire d'Aerostation de Chalis Mendon. Thirty-six minutes after its departure it was seen hovering over the Parc Militaire, and Georges Juchmès, accompanied by Rey, the mechanic, decided to lower the airship into the valley, at the end of the

lawn, before the stables of Chalais. At the word of command Rey unfastened the steering gear; the airship touched the ground, but being at the mercy of the wind, it unfortunately became entangled in the only clump of trees there is in the valley, with the result that it burst, and a fall of six metres terminated their descent. Neither Juchmès nor Rey sustained any injury, and their presence of mind at the critical moment does them the greatest credit. The accident, or rather the incident, was purely material; but the covering of the "Lebaudy" was completely destroyed and the mechanical parts injured, so that a new "Lebaudy" is therefore necessary. It is nearly certain that M. Julliot will, this winter, construct a new airship perfected by experience. Observations taken from the Eiffel Tower showed that the wind at the time blew from the north, from six to ten metres per second. Chalais Mendon is situated at the south-west of the Champ de Mars. The airship had no wind ahead neither was there any felt astern, and frequently when Juchmès steered in a westerly direction there was a battle with the atmospheric waves.

A similar incident happened to the "Santos Dumonts 5th and 6th." Our readers, no doubt, remember when, on August 8th, 1901, the celebrated aeronaut, after having gone twice round the Eiffel Tower, turned towards the slopes of St. Cloud (Aero Club Park), the screw caught in something that had become detached. Santos quickly pulled down the torn panel in order to avoid a dangerous descent, and by so doing fell on the roof of the Grand Hotel du Trocadero, where the balloon gave up its ghost. The second incident occurred on 19th September, 1901, during the second trip of "Santos Dumont the 6th." Santos floated quietly over Longchamp, when it lightly touched a tree; the crash was instantaneous. Inner pressure is most dangerous; however, permanence of shape and rigidness are most essential for aerial automobilisation. How is it possible to remedy a fault which is also a quality? We cannot reply to the question which we have imprudently asked.

WRECK OF THE "LEBAUDY."

French Views of Football.

THE recent visit of the Racing Club de France Football Club, on a brief tour in the Midlands, has caused increased interest to be taken in the doings of the French Rugby clubs, and therefore the following translation, by permission of the proprietors of *La Vie au Grand Air*, giving the views of a French writer on the game, should be more than ordinarily interesting. The author commences by comparing a football match to a game of chess; for he says :—"As a spectator cannot interest himself in the movements of the pieces on a chess-board without a thorough knowledge of the game, so it is with the public and the game of Rugby football. Those lining the arena must have some insight to the game, or they cannot understand the prowess performed or the faults committed." He cites the general faults as being conveyed under three headings, viz. : faults in the "scrum," faults in "touch," and faults of individuals. Speaking of raising the foot in the scrimmage, the writer avers that this infringement during the whole of last season was rarely, if ever, recognized by the referee in France. The result of this, however, was that the fault became so glaring that this season the old rule is becoming more prominently recognized.

In dealing with the placing of the ball into the scrimmage, the writer gives some advice to the half-back, and points out that the trick of sending the ball in with a twist, which originated in England, is against the rules. As suggestive of our neighbours' impetuosity, he lays stress on the fact that the half-backs ought not to dispute over placing the ball in the scrum, that duty being relegated to the one in charge of the ball. With regard to getting "off-side," our author draws attention to the saying, "better to play off-side than risk being seen," but calls attention to the fact that two seasons back Scotland was able to defeat England, as the result of such an infringement on the part of one of the English halves when 10 yards from his own line.

In speaking of faults from "touch," the author draws attention to the fact that "hand-ball," which necessitates a scrimmage, is advantageous to the team possessing a heavy lot of forwards. He mentions, incidentally, that the English forwards are splendid dribblers, and that their tactics have as yet to be acquired by the Gauls.

One little trick, which has often proved useful to a smart half-back, he mentions, that of bouncing the ball into "play" from "touch," and making away with it himself. The writer does not seem to be quite in accord with regard to the rule as to "forward passing," but as if the subject were rather too abstruse, he dismisses it tersely with the words :—"There are many adverse arguments which could be raised, but space does not permit us to dwell on them." He gives a rather wrong impression upon the question of holding the man without the ball, for he says :—"This is a fault due to intercepting a pass, which results in a scrimmage." Further, that the fault of holding a man when "dribbling," is not always recognized by the referee, and he points out that the player must have the courage to throw himself on to the ball in order to stop the rush. He finishes up by mentioning that these are faults and points explained for the benefit of the onlookers, and not the players, and the expression of the hope that it will be the means of attracting many more spectators to the Park des Princes, St. Cloud, Bécon, and Bagatelle.

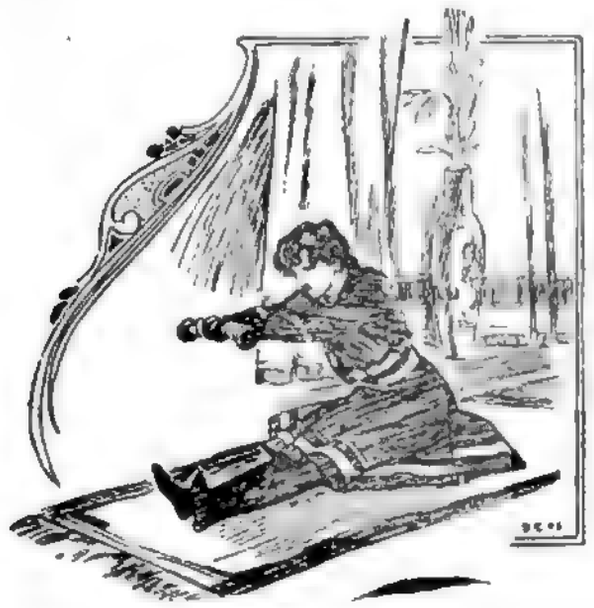
In conclusion, he says :—"One never likes what one does not understand; and football, without a preliminary explanation, is not comprehensible!"

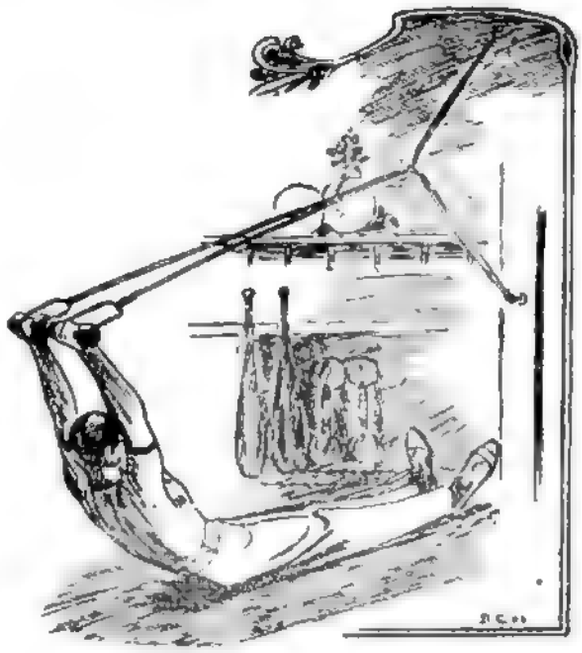
Physical Culture v. Appendicitis.

WE are indebted to the proprietors of the *Daily Express* for permission to reproduce the following interesting article which appeared recently in their columns:—

"Mr Sandow is nothing if not up to date. He claims with reason that physical culture, if not a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, is at any rate a preventive of a good many of them. He has just devised a set of exercises guaranteed to prevent appendicitis. We are enabled to publish illustrations of these exercises. They are very simple, and for that reason probably the more effective.

"'Appendicitis,' says Mr. Sandow, 'has been attributed by some to the use of preserved and frozen edibles and condiments, which by reason of their preservation become more readily decomposed. I am of opinion that the more probable cause of appendicitis is the weakened condition of the abdominal muscles, which does not allow the proper kneading of the food to be performed, with the result that the food remains in the intestines an undue length of time, becomes decomposed, and sets up an acute inflammation, which until recently was attributed to cherry stones.'





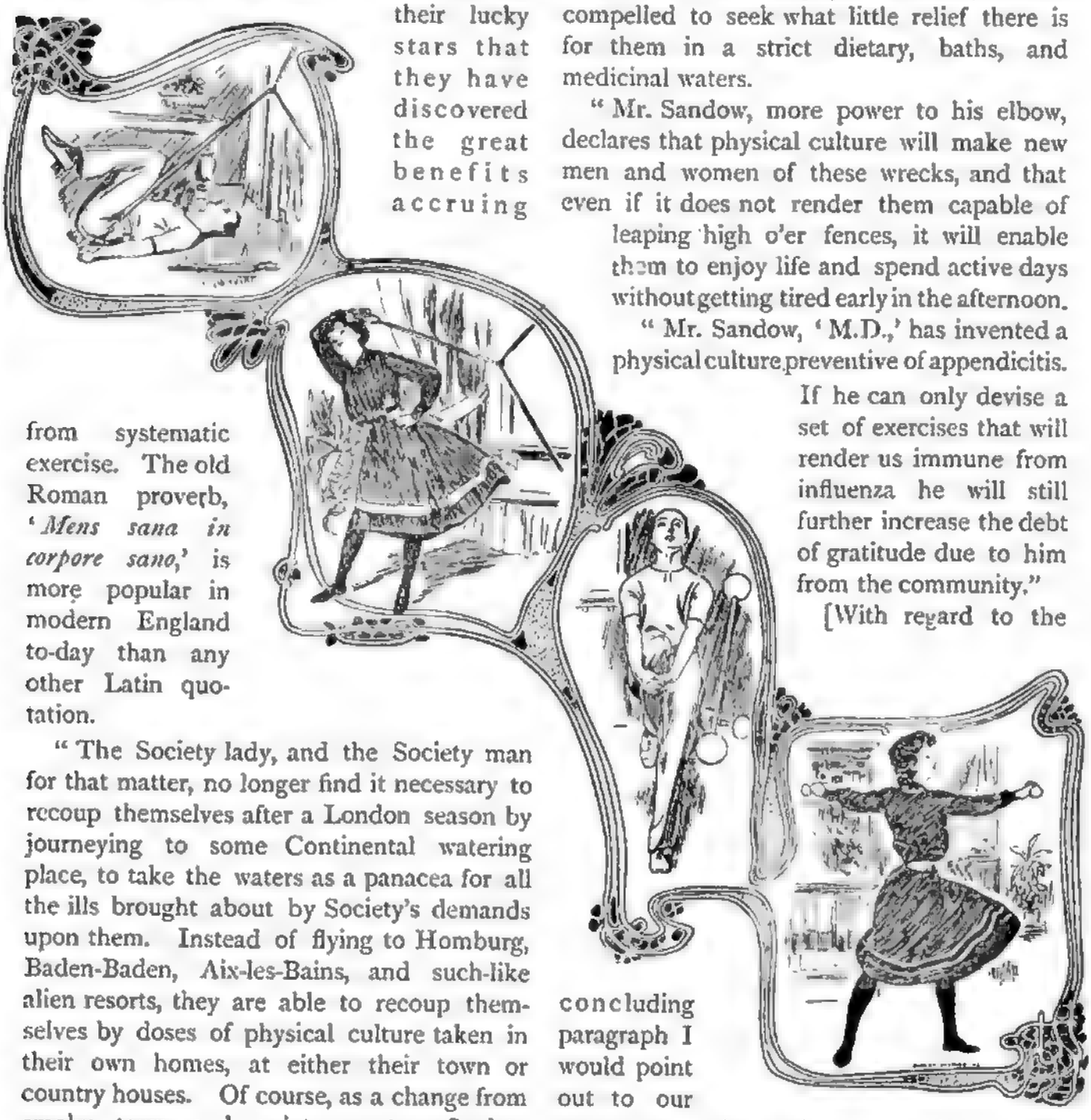
"Since His Majesty was stricken and so fortunately recovered from appendicitis we have felt almost out of fashion unless someone or other of our acquaintances has been down with it. It is a relief to be told that there is a sure preventive of falling under its baneful power. It is not the first physical benefit due to Mr. Sandow. Originally famous as the strongest and best developed man of his day, Sandow of late has achieved an even wider fame as an ardent worker for a general improvement of the national physique.

"His principles have been adopted by our Army and Navy instructors, and he hopes before long that they will be incorporated in the curriculum of every Board school in the country.

"The teachers of physical culture deserve every encouragement. It is only of late that proper exercise has been looked upon as necessary to the well-being of the nation, and until quite recently, it was not even anticipated that it would be possible to apply systematic exercise to the correction of the various ailments for which physicians have

never yet found permanent cure, and which, if allowed to go on, gradually reduce the person affected to a state of chronic invalidism.

"Such ills as indigestion, insomnia, obesity, and many other nervous disorders, come under this heading, and many are thanking their lucky stars that they have discovered the great benefits accruing from systematic exercise. The old Roman proverb, '*Mens sana in corpore sano*,' is more popular in modern England to-day than any other Latin quotation.



"The Society lady, and the Society man for that matter, no longer find it necessary to recoup themselves after a London season by journeying to some Continental watering place, to take the waters as a panacea for all the ills brought about by Society's demands upon them. Instead of flying to Homburg, Baden-Baden, Aix-les-Bains, and such-like alien resorts, they are able to recoup themselves by doses of physical culture taken in their own homes, at either their town or country houses. Of course, as a change from smoky town and quiet country, Society naturally seeks some fresh fields and pastures new, and the same faces may still be seen at many of the Continental watering places named above; but they are not there for the same purpose.

"One can easily distinguish between those whose life has been one of healthy exercise and those who have ignored the laws of nature, have become physical wrecks, and are compelled to seek what little relief there is for them in a strict dietary, baths, and medicinal waters.

"Mr. Sandow, more power to his elbow, declares that physical culture will make new men and women of these wrecks, and that even if it does not render them capable of leaping high o'er fences, it will enable them to enjoy life and spend active days without getting tired early in the afternoon.

"Mr. Sandow, 'M.D.,' has invented a physical culture preventive of appendicitis. If he can only devise a set of exercises that will render us immune from influenza he will still further increase the debt of gratitude due to him from the community."

[With regard to the concluding paragraph I would point out to our contemporary that no finer preventive of influenza could possibly be found than physical culture, for it fortifies the body and so makes it capable of warding off all such attacks.—Ed. *S.M.*]

The Stage Physical.

By F. NEVILLE PIGGOTT.

A CHAT WITH MR. F. R. BENSON.

IT can be said, without fear of contradiction, that no member of *the* profession is better qualified to express an opinion on the physical requirements of the actor and actress than the subject of this month's interview, the well-known and popular Shakespearean actor, Mr. F. R. Benson.

From his youth Mr. Benson has been an ardent supporter of systematic exercise and athletics, and during his University career was one of the fleetest runners that the Dark Blues possessed. He was a student at New College, and first represented his University against Cambridge at Lillie Bridge in 1879, when in the three miles he finished third to Mr. A. F. Hills, who won in 15 mins. 14⅗ secs. Next year he went one better for his *alma mater*, as in the same race he was second to Mr. W. W. Hough, of Cambridge, who covered the distance in 15 mins. 1⅕ secs.

The crowning point of his athletic career was reached, however, in 1881, when he succeeded in defeating the previous year's winner after a most gruelling race, in which Mr. Hough fell exhausted a quarter of a mile from home, and Mr. Benson, by his victory in 15 mins. 5⅖ secs., won for Oxford the "odd event."

Upon leaving the University, Mr. Benson by no means relinquished his love for athletics, and upon entering the theatrical profession did his best to instil into the minds of those around him the necessity for sufficient exercise to preserve the body in a healthy condition. I believe I am right in saying that he was the pioneer of cricket, football, hockey, and swimming clubs in the profession; at any rate, he had a considerable hand in the foundation of these health-giving organisations. Mr. Benson himself is a typical cast of athlete, and he bears ample proof of the value of systematic exercise, for despite the fact that year in and year out he sustains eight and sometimes more Shakespearean or English comedy parts weekly, in addition to superintending the work of his dramatic school, yet there is none of the jaded look or listless air which one might expect to find as the result of such heavy strain.

It was a most interesting talk on the question of the actor's physique which I had with Mr Benson during one of his transitory visits to the metropolis. At the outset Mr. Benson laid great stress on the fact that, in comparison with the olden days, the actor now in the pursuit of his profession gets little or no physical training. Then dancing and fencing had to be learned, whilst the somewhat vagabond life compelled the old actor to become healthy, for there was plenty of walking to be done, to say nothing of building the "fit-up," and assisting in the setting of the stage, etc., all of which had to be done by the members of the company.

He cited as an example of the athletic actor the famous Mr. Macklin, who when 70 years of age was in the habit of walking with a friend every Sunday from London to St. Albans and back, breaking the journey only to dine. Mr. Macklin was also a great quarterstaff player.

Asked as to his opinion on the value of games Mr. Benson said, "I am of opinion that games, whilst most useful in many

respects, cannot produce symmetrical development. Take my own case, for instance. During my undergraduate days at Oxford I went in a great deal for running, and discovered that, as the result, I was developing the lower portion of my body to the detriment of the upper part. I therefore went in for systematic exercise, practising assiduously and exercising every muscle in turn, with the result that at the end of twelve months my strength increased surprisingly. My wrestling bout in 'As you like it' with Mr. Oscar Ashe, who for many years was a member of my company, and is an ardent supporter of physical culture, was always to me one of the most enjoyable parts of the whole piece."

MR. F. R. BENSON.

The writer called to mind an incident in

Mr. Benson's 'rendering' of Robert Macaire, which was always calculated to "bring down the house." When in the act of being arrested Macaire is seized by a couple of gendarmes, Mr. Benson was in the habit of taking them round the waist, lifting them bodily from the ground, and, after swinging them round two or three times, used to throw them from him with as much ease as if they were a couple of children.

Mr. Benson laid great stress on the necessity of proper development for the actor and actress. "Without every part of the body is properly developed," he said, "you cannot obtain grace, which is most essential to the actor's art. To express an action you have to use the whole of the body, and unless you do so, the expression is listless. Many think they can simulate force without the actual possession of vital force, which is beside all reason. Real grace and proper expression of the emotions can only be obtained by a properly trained body. You have a very fine example of this in the ballet-dancer who is able to express grace and emotion simply through the actions of the body, and her training is really a system of physical culture.

"Breathing exercises too are most essential if the actor wishes to succeed in his profession, for, without the proper knowledge of how to breathe and the necessary lung power, good elocution is impossible. De Reszke, you know, is a great believer in systematic exercise, and like many another singer and actor has his apparatus fixed in his room and practises assiduously. Sims Reeves, too, appreciated the great value of breathing exercises. Before appearing at a concert it was his practice to drive out to some country road, indulge in a sharp run, and then, stepping back into his brougham, wrapped in a blanket, he was driven rapidly home and indulged in a bath before journeying to the hall. This, he maintained, tended to improve the timbre of his voice to a marvellous degree. Quite recently I met a man whose father remembered Edmund Kean, and he mentioned to me that the famous actor was in the habit of imparting his knowledge of fencing in the daytime, and yet at night was capable of sustaining a heavy leading part without feeling in the least fatigued."

Mr. Benson spoke of the difficulty which the touring actor experiences in obtaining outdoor competitive exercise, but he pointed out that this is by no means necessary if they would only realise that more good would come from a brief space of systematic exercise taken daily in their own room.

"I have always tried," said Mr. Benson, "to impress on the members of my companies the great advantages to them of systematic exercise, and three times a week we have the services of a qualified instructor, and, whilst not compulsory, I can safely say that it is the exception rather than the rule for the various members of the company to be absent on those occasions. For those who like we also have lessons in fencing and calisthenics, all of which, in my mind, are necessary qualifications for the compleat actor.

"As you know, for many years we have had clubs attached to my companies in nearly every branch of outdoor sport, and we still go in for hockey, football under both codes, cricket, and we also have a very good water-polo team.

"At most towns we visit we find a club willing to join issue with us in one or another sport, and, without wishing to boast, I can safely say we are generally able to hold our own. Among recent victories we are rather proud of having beaten Leicester, Swansea, and Bournemouth, at hockey.

In conclusion, Mr. Benson pointed out one of the great advantages of physical culture, and one which should be taken to heart by all members of the profession who have their own well-being at heart, and that was the fact that, although one may be past the age when active outdoor exercise is possible or advisable, physical culture can always be indulged in, be one young or old. "The healthier the actor the more likely is he to succeed," said Mr. Benson as I left him, after a most interesting chat.

Fox-Hunting in England, from a Photographic Point of View.

By CHARLES F. SHAW.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

FOX-HUNTING is a glorious sport. Given a fine morning, with a brisk, bracing air, a good "fencer," fresh scent, and a game fox who will fight for his brush, there is no finer pastime in the world. What pen can describe the seductive charm, the irresistible fascination that permeates everybody and everything at a "Meet"? How the blood tingles at sight of the scarlet coats, the piebald hounds, mettlesome thoroughbreds, and the whole galaxy of fair women and brave men! What beautiful contrasts; what harmony of colour! And what music can compare with the cheery greetings of the various huntsmen, the happy bonhomie, the silvery laughter of fair

DRAWING OFF.

equestriennes, the sharp "crack! crack!" of the first Whip's lash, and his authoritative "Back, Wellington!" "Get along there, Pleader!" to ultra-inquisitive hounds? Why, my masters, it's the most invigorating tonic in the world!

Once I had an ambitious anticipation—with a fair prospect of realisation—of wear-

LORD MIDDLETON'S PACK AT BORSAL CHURCH.

"Quite English, you know."

ing "pink" and sitting astride a thoroughbred. But in an ever-to-be-regretted moment photography claimed me one of its many victims, and my idol was shattered; my high-pitched hopes came a fearful cropper. Instead of riding to hounds, I sought to portray them—an infinitely more costly pastime. I pressed the button—my dealer did the rest. For, without undue exaggeration, the money spent on plates and chemicals wasted in persistent endeavours to photograph hounds in pursuit of their exhilarating calling would have furnished

me with a stud of thoroughbreds and paid the livery expert his not insignificant items.

From the picturesque, the sporting, the health-giving, and many other standpoints, fox-hunting is par excellence; but from the photographic point of view it's a delusion and a snare—in expressive brevity, a short cut to the poor-house.

For instance, you carry your hand-camera to a meet some miles across

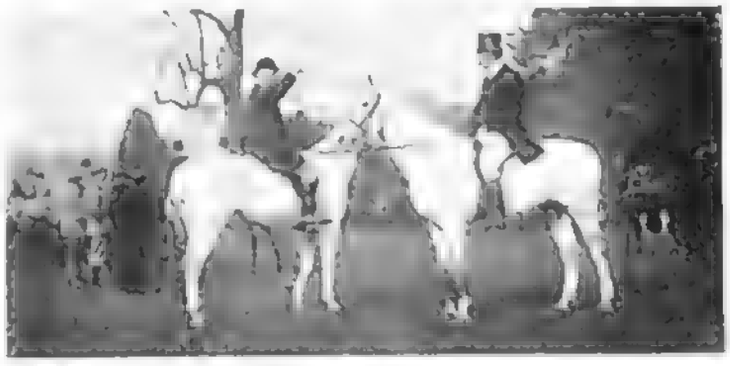
THE MEET.

"THE SPOTTED DARLINGS."

you "click! click!" here, "click! click!" there, "click! click!" everywhere

The subtle beauty in each group of red-jacketed horsemen; the indescribable charm of top-hatted, black-habited fairs; the symmetry and grace of every horse; the artistic grouping of the "spotted darlings" with the general air of hail-fellow-well-met, combine to undermine your economical determinations.

country. You have charged the changing-box with its complement of a dozen plates and your conscience with a praiseworthy determination not to expose more than three, or, at the most, four of the twelve. But immediately you get within focussing distance of your destination the witchery of the chase dispels your good intentions, reduces your moral fibre to the flabby consistency of the average novice out with his first camera, and



A GOOD YARN.

AT THE COVERT SIDE.

Too busy calculating the picture-making possibilities of constantly-changing compositions, you entirely disregard the school-taught maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned," and uninterruptedly pursue your reckless plate-exposing career.

For it is an ideal hunting morning. A soft, hazy, actionless light, that most artistically subdues every tone in the vari-tinted coverts, and gives an ideal setting to the huntsman's pink—and no

detail on your negatives. With an aperture of F/6, an exposure of 1/8, and an accelerated developer, one succeeds in obtaining a fair amount of detail—usually considerably more tail than you desire. Talk about perpetual motion—commend me to a fox-hound's tail! It's never still, unless the owner is sitting on it! I speak from personal painful experience. One negative I obtained with an exposure of 1/16 of a second showed one huntsman, one horse, five hounds, and seventy-three tails! There were tails all over the plate! The wag-end of a fox-hound makes an excellent exposure meter.

MY LADY'S STIRRUP.

At 1/16 of a second there is no tail at all; it's wagged off! At 1/30 of a second you get anything from half-a-dozen upwards, whilst at 1/64 you are about correct, unless the particular hound happens to be exceptionally waggish; then nothing under 1/100th of a second will be quick enough.

You see, all who participate in this excellent sport of "killing ze fox"—men, horses, and hounds—are so active, so full of vim, they are never still, and as the season of the year is all against successful hand-camera work, it is extremely difficult to obtain satisfactory results. In fact, the only way is to sacrifice innumerable plates, follow hounds countless miles, be ready for opportunities at the meet, the covert side, and when crossing the open. Personally, I attended nearly one hundred different meets during last season, and have obtained some fairly satisfactory results when working at F/4, 1/64. But at best fox-hunting snap-shots are very, very difficult, and one has largely to depend upon chance.

I have been in at several kills, and failed to obtain a good negative, because the light has been too bad.

To those desirous of obtaining snap-shots of the sport I would give the oft-repeated advice of our great threepenny wit, and say, "Don't!" But if you are resolved to waste time and plates, then by all means wait until the last few weeks of the season, when the atmospherical conditions are of such a nature as to, at any rate, give one a reasonable chance of obtaining decent negatives.

WHAT HAS HE GOT FOR US?

Fox-Hunting in France.

By PAUL MEGUIN.

With the fall of the first leaves, the hunting season opens. The commencement of October is devoted to the pleasures of hunting, but, prior to this, numerous meets have taken place. One of the first in the field, and one who holds many a trophy, is the Duc de Chartres, a huntsman of the old school.

FORMERLY the royal forests were known as the "Plaisirs du Roy," and during the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVIII. and Charles X. the music of the royal hunts resounded

THE CHANTILLY PACK.

throughout the Rambouillet, St. Germain, Compeigne and Chantilly Forests.

Prior to their exile in 1886 the princes, who were all ardent sportsmen, inaugurated big hunts. The last one which took place in the forest of Eu was given in honour of Prince Waldemar, at the time of his marriage with Princess Marie of Orleans.

What an attraction to the meet, which was to take place in the Cuverville Woods, on the borders of the big forest! The Comtesse de Paris was present, driving a "duc-phaeton," drawn by a pair of high-stepping cobs; the Princess of Wales was mounted on a hunter, a marvellous jumper, which had only arrived from England the night previous. Amongst the amazons were the Princesses Louise Maud of England, Helene and Marguerite of Orleans; and amongst the horsemen were representatives of all the Royal families of Europe and of the most illustrious names of France.

Since the death of the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Chartres has been master of the hunt. When, in 1870, the Duc d'Aumale took possession of his estates in Chantilly, he was desirous of reviving the traditions of the wonderful palace he had undertaken to restore. He formed a pack of 70 big foxhounds, of English origin, and selected with the greatest care; and also secured some bloodhounds of nearly pure Poitevin breed. The prince also owned a small pack of 20 spotted beagles. In the hunt stables

THE MASTER AND FIRST HUNTSMAN.

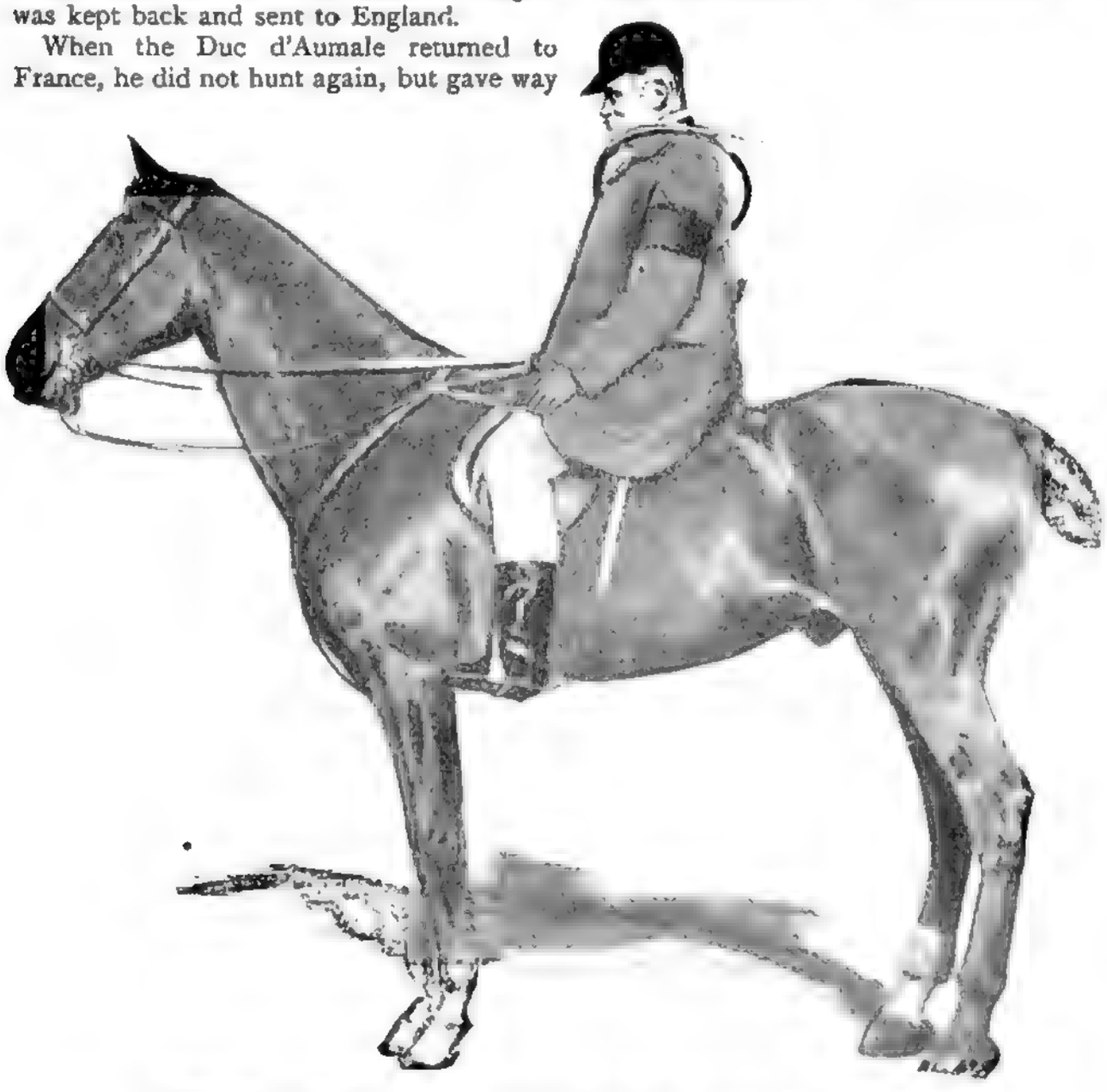
there were no fewer than 32 horses of the hack type, nearly all imported from England. Captain Quiclet led the drives.

The hunt uniform was royal blue, with white breeches, top boots, and black velvet caps; whilst the whippers-in wore coats

braided in silver and blue breeches. The silver button bore a dog-leash, with the letter "O" in the centre. Shortly after the expulsion of the princes, in July, 1886, the pack was put up to auction. The sale, which took place on the lawn in front of the stables, attracted all the huntsmen and sportsmen Paris could boast of. The pack of beagles was kept back and sent to England.

When the Duc d'Aumale returned to France, he did not hunt again, but gave way to the Duc de Chartres, who, as master of the hounds, has regularly hunted the pack every Tuesday and Friday in the Chantilly Forest. One meet is from the Arc en Barrois, on which occasion the prince leads; and the duchess, who is both an ardent sportswoman and a finished rider, never misses a meet; whilst, in the absence of the master of the hounds, she can take his place.

Since the untimely death of Prince Henri, no festivities or receptions are held at St. Firmin, and only most intimate friends are received by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres. The hunting season alone brings a little animation, not to the castle, but to the splendid forest that the Duc has so generously bequeathed to the French Institute, reserving the right of hunting for the Chantilly hounds. The prince, although one of the most taking and amiable of men, and the princess as charming as she is generous, extend their invitations only to a few inti



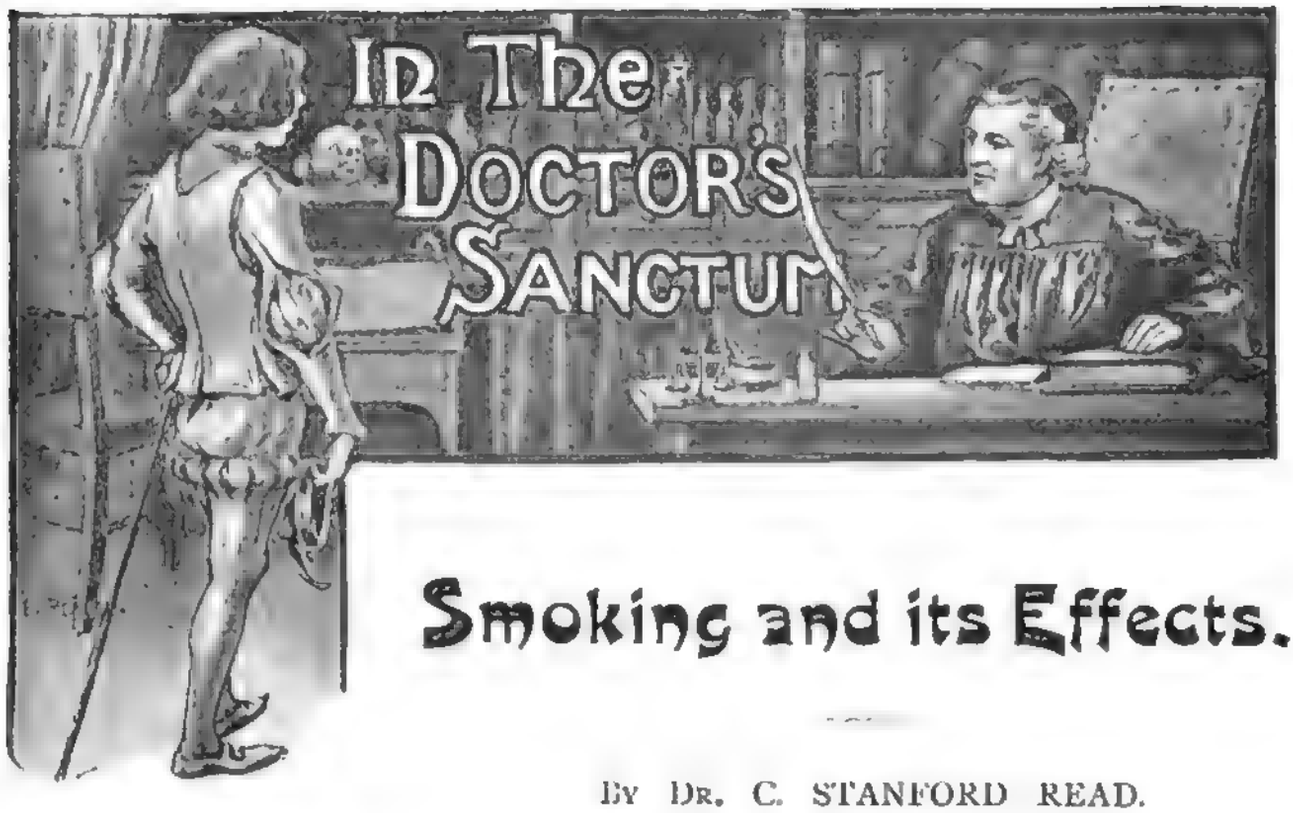
THE DUC DE CHARTRES, MASTER OF THE CHANTILLY HOUNDS.

mate and privileged friends; but with the tact that characterises the Duc, he allows all the sportsmen of the neighbourhood to follow the hunt. Farmers, jockeys and trainers are the most zealous followers. Since last year the Duc has acquired a pack of boarhounds for wild-boar hunting, and he now hunts them in the Chantilly forest, where the game is very numerous. His pack for deer hunting is composed of 80 English dogs and about 20 of mixed breed, formerly belonging to the Comte d'Osembray's old pack. Half of these were bred there, and are a cross between English and a mixed breed; whilst the other half are dogs bought in England. The kennels are in the big Chantilly stables, and the staff consists of four horsemen, Louis Fradin (first huntsman), Petiaut, Gabriel Lefort and Frequelin, who goes by the name of Daguet. There are also two whippers-in—A. Desiulles and Pierre Marquis. The Chantilly hunt button, which is worn by all the members of the Royal family and their princely parents, is the same as that which was worn by members of the former hunts of the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville. The dress also is the same.

The Chantilly Forest covers a space of 2,500 hectares, and extends beyond the Semlis Road to Pontarme (2,200 hectares). Both abound in game, and are most admirably suited for hunting. La Table, the celebrated rendezvous, with its twelve separate roads, the Commelles Ponds, and the wild parts of Mount Po are the chief scenes of the exploits of the Chantilly hounds.

The death of the Duc de Bourbon put an end to the Chantilly gatherings; but Prince Labanoff, the well-known sportsman, having obtained permission to hunt in the beautiful forest, these meets soon became famous. One, which took place in 1833, on the castle lawn, and was won by M. de Normandie, was the origin of the French Derby. It was inaugurated the following year on a very modest scale, as the total prizes did not exceed 3,000 francs.

A MEET IN CHANTILLY FOREST



Smoking and its Effects.

By Dr. C. STANFORD READ.

EVER since the introduction of tobacco into this country in 1586, smoking has become such a widespread habit, that it is certain that it must have a very marked effect on the human organism towards making life more agreeable. Nevertheless, of late it has been so abused, to a great extent by all classes of society, that it may serve a useful purpose to point out the main symptoms of its ill-effects, besides speaking of its action when used in moderation. To the majority, smoking is undoubtedly a great comfort, and where privation and hardship exist, the comfort is all the more longed for. When hunger and fatigue are being suffered, tobacco certainly affords relief. If a smoker be asked why he smokes, the answer is generally an unsatisfactory one. It may be because a soothing, tranquilizing effect is produced, because mental work or physical exertion is rendered more easy, or because it assists to kill spare time. The imitative factor though must not be lost sight of. How many of us would smoke if we did not see others indulging? The active constituents of tobacco are chiefly an oily substance, which in very small quantities produces sickness and headache, and a liquid which may be got from the tobacco by distilling it. This liquid is nicotine, and is a very strong poison, but fortunately there is only a very minute quantity of it in tobacco. These active substances produce marked results. The brain is somewhat excited, intellectual work is made more easy, and any tendency to sleeplessness removed. The circulation also is a little excited, and no doubt this assists in rendering brain work more easy. Soon, however, the circulation is somewhat depressed, and the pulse becomes smaller, thus tending to produce the soothing effect generally experienced. The digestion of food and the nutrition of the body seem also to be affected. Moderate smokers not uncommonly smoke a short time after dinner, the principal meal of the day. The reason for this may be found in the fact that several of the fluids or

secretions of great value in the digestion of food, are increased by tobacco. It is also certain that to many a pipe after breakfast distinctly aids a regular evacuation of the bowels.

Nevertheless, it is the ill-effects I wish here more especially to dwell on, in order that readers may by this knowledge be warned in good time of danger, and thus easily avert harmful consequences. That tobacco used moderately is generally injurious seems improbable, at any rate, the mischief of it is not proved. Its consumption, even in considerable quantities, is in many persons compatible with excellent health. In training, however, the use of tobacco should be much reduced, and for the most part postponed until the end of th · day's work. In such a question as this, the personal equation must be regarded. The quantity consumed by one man with impunity is poisonous to another; each smoker must estimate his own resistance and regulate his doses accordingly.

Among the slighter consequences of the ill-effects of tobacco are decay of the teeth, and this few escape, a tendency to a chronic inflammatory condition of the back of the throat and slight muscular tremor. In respect of severer consequences, "tobacco blindness" stands out prominently, but this condition is not very commonly met with, and most probably other deleterious factors combine to cause it. Much nonsense is talked about smoking as a cause of cancer, though the careless use of an irritating pipe may often be a factor in the causation of cancer of the lip. Dizziness is not an uncommon sign of excess or intolerance of tobacco. This symptom is seen more in cigarette smokers perhaps, because in this practice the smoke is generally inhaled. After dizziness, symptoms referable to the heart and stomach are found. A grinding pain, of a peculiarly disquieting kind, may come on fifteen minutes to half-an-hour after food, and flatulence is often a prominent symptom also. Irregular action of the heart is a frequent and perhaps the commonest consequence of excessive tobacco smoking. "Tobacco hearts" are very common in young men who smoke freely before becoming thoroughly seasoned, the main feature being palpitation, accompanied by a sense of discomfort in the cardiac region. Sleeplessness is said to be a consequence of tobacco smoking under certain circumstances. Every smoker knows that a stronger cigar than usual may keep him awake, and though the effects of tobacco are soothing and favour sleep, yet, like other narcotics, tobacco has no doubt its effects of stimulation.

Neuralgic pains, involving various nerve trunks, are sometimes met with, the most severe and agonizing being the pain occasionally felt in the heart region.

Lastly, tobacco, in common with most kinds of chronic poisoning, tends to produce anæmia; this sign should put a smoker on his guard. The treatment of these various symptoms resolves itself into the simple advice—"Give up smoking." It may be that after some time the practice in moderation may be resumed, but in many cases absolute abstinence is the only plan, or otherwise the foundations for organic disease are laid and life eventually cut short.

Up to the age of forty years much excess may be indulged in without permanent harm being wrought, but over that age much greater caution must be exercised. The continued inhalation of smoke is certainly deleterious, for thereby more of the active constituents of tobacco tend to enter the system, and predisposition to catarrh of the respiratory passages is set up. Excessive smoking I believe to be prejudicial to the efficient working of the intellectual faculties; it tends to turn thought into reverie, and woe betide him whose work is of the mind, and who allows himself to fall from thought into mere reverie. He thinks he can climb up again easily, and says to himself that after all it is the same thing. He is in error! Thought is the labour of the intellect, reverie is its pleasure.

By RICHARD THIRSK.

Author of "An Old Ship's Log"; "Cruise of 'The Mermaid,'" *etc.*

WE are pirates; that is to say, instead o' earnin' our livin' like ordinary sailors by waitin' in port for a cargo to take somewhere or other, we prefer to plunder on the high seas. Some Government people object to us earnin' a peaceable livin' in this way, an' keep huntin' us down like rats, but in spite o' them we gets along tolerably happy. And, on the whole, I prefers the chase with all its chances to wearin' my life out on board an undermanned, ill-paid merchantman.

Now an' then, tho', we gets hove into a tight corner, for seamen are the very devils to fight when you want quietly to scuttle them. But pistol shots and sword cuts are just so many o' the risks o' our profession than you gets used to by-an'-by: an' if a life or two has to be sacrificed to keep the peace, it's only a matter o' sentiment whether you let the thought trouble your head or not. Somehow the business grows on you just the same as scurvy does when you've been too long on the salt, an' you come to like it so that you wouldn't give it up for nothin'.

It was one o' the Government Johnnies as was botherin' us on the day I'm tellin' you about. Their cutters has a nasty way o' turnin' up just when we don't quite want to make friends or enemies of 'em, and this one had dogged us most o' the day. Sometimes we got so close we could see her guns trimmed on us. She even gave us the time o' day with a gun or two, but they didn't manage quite within handshakin' distance o' us.

Skipper Daredevil, as we called him, liked this kind o' thing for the sport o' it. Nothin' in that line put him out o' sorts, and he stumped the deck as haughty as if he was the head bummer o' His Majesty's bloomin' fleet. There was none o' yer blusterin' fool about him neither to make a song about nothin'; not a bit o' him. Nor was there any o' yer skull-an'-crossbones humbug about him either. Though he could scuttle a stout ship with the best pirate as ever stove in a plank, he always did it like a gentleman, sir, and he kept smokin' his short black pipe all the time as if he was just watchin' a bit o'

real fun. He called his barque "The Slaughterer"—as trim an' game a little craft as ever sailor put his foot onboard—an' he had not sailed her all his days in the Indian Ocean for nothin', not he. What he didn't know about the pirate profession wasn't worth knowin', an' I'm not goin' to try an' teach you. It was a shady trick as he did to me that sent him off in a hurry to see Old Davey Jones, an' it's that yarn I'm goin' to tell you.

In the evenin' the skipper bucked up a bit, for the cutter was gettin' too close to be neighbourly; so he took the wheel himself and piped all hands to crowd on every stitch of canvas she could carry. When the breeze freshened after dark we put about on a false tack, an' showed the toff sailors our stern, givin' them the slip as easy as swallowin' a jug o' grog. We nearly got sore eyes in the mornin' with lookin' for 'em. Talk about sailin'! Our skipper's little finger knows more about seamanship than the whole bloomin' fleet o' them.

I'd done my watch, an' was relieved just when the sun was beginnin' to make our well-filled sails look as if they were made o' crimson silk. It had been a successful voyage, an' after trickin' the cutter so neatly we mostly felt in good form with ourselves. Some o' us stayed awhile on deck afore turnin' in to watch how beautifully she took the seas on a good ten-knot spin. Skipper Daredevil was searchin' the horizon with his glass for the last signs o' the cutter, when we heard screamin' below in the cabin, an' afore long up came the first hand.

"Sir, there's like to be trouble below there," says he.

"As if we haven't had all we want out o' that dish for a while. What is it now?" The skipper said a lot more that I won't, for the sake o' my good name, put down on paper.

"It's the girl as we took; she's gettin' outrageous, an' I don't know what she'll be up to next."

"Umph! She cost me a bit o' trouble, an' it's not likely she's goin' to get doin' us the slip like that. Bring her up!" Daredevil did not swear so bad this time: he was too angry, an' so the hand scooted to obey.

In a few minutes the black princess was brought on deck, an' we bunked into odd corners so as we could see an' hear the old un' without him knowin'. But I should ha' told you that the black princess was part o' the plunder we took out o' a native trader we fell in wi' off some islands we called Gold-Dust Land. She owned nearly half o' them, we were told, an' it was likely there would be a tolerable ransom for her. So we were carryin' her with us to Plunder Creek, the place where we kept all our goods an' chattels.

The princess walked right up to him, an' puttin' her face again' his in a way you never seen the like in your life said, "Well?"

She was too bold for Daredevil, who took a step to the side out o' her way. "'Pon my word, you're as bold as you're pretty," says he, strokin' her kind-like under the chin. When she shoved his hand aside he continued, "Keep cool, my hearty; we wants none o' yer tricks here else we'll have to tame you a bit, an' maybe introduce you to the bottom."

"Send me to the bottom," says she, disdainfully; "you have only taken me from my people yonder to kill me, for I will not live on board your ship." She pointed away to seaward, an' her loose white robe fluttered in the breeze, makin' her look as pretty as a doll.

"Don't take it so rough, my black beauty; there's no use comes o' worryin' about a trifle like that; you'll get used to us by-an'-by. We've taken a fancy to your pretty face, that's all; now we're not goin' to do you any harm so long as you behave, an' then some day, when the notion comes on me, I'll take you home again."

All she would answer was that she wanted to go home at once, an' she promised to give him shiploads o' gold and jewels if he'd only take her.

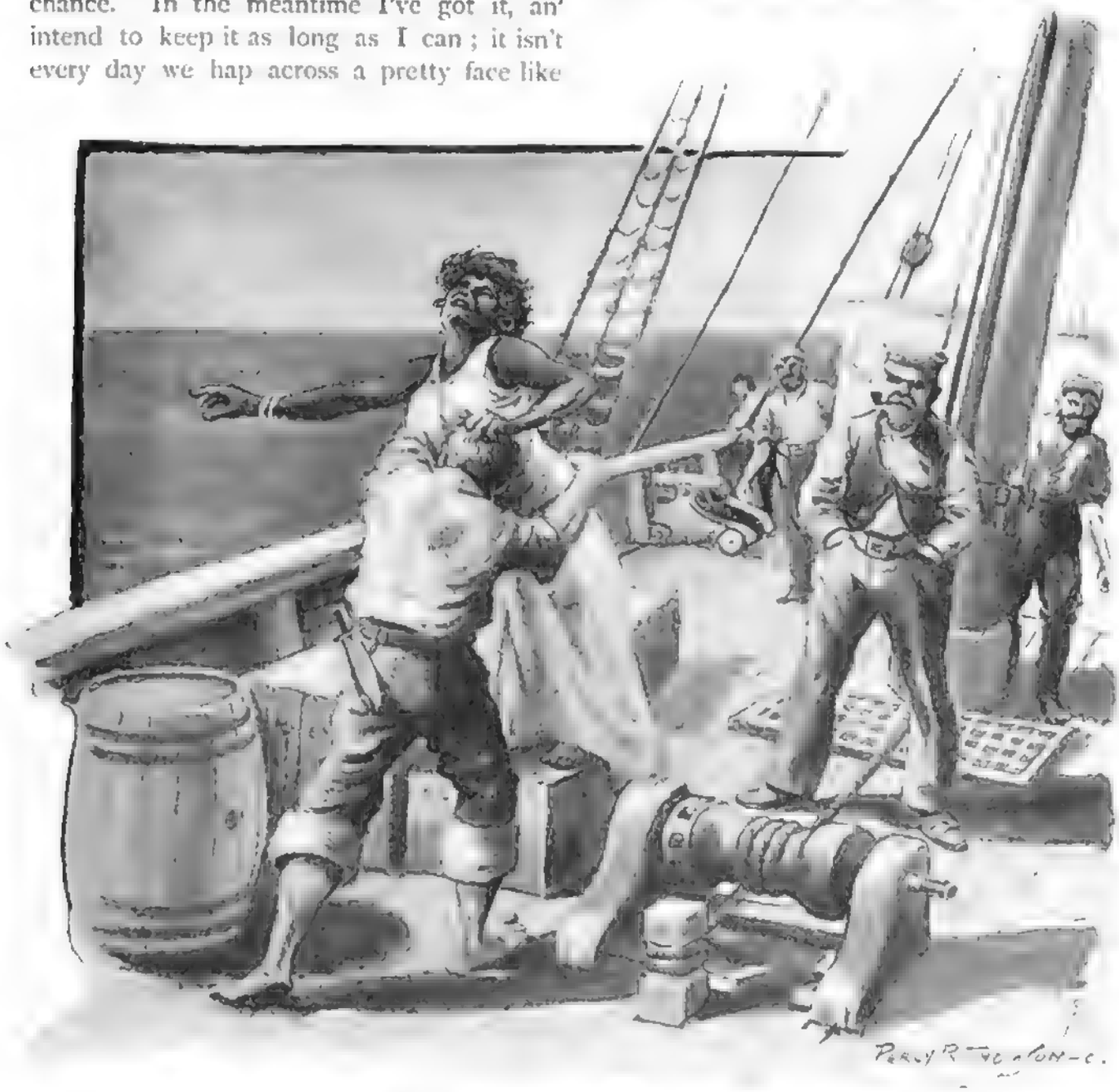
"Ah, ah!" he says, "I knows you black

niggers too well to trust you. Take me for a bloomin' greenhorn! You couldn't coax me into that for all the gold in the Indian Ocean!"

When she heard this she threatened she would take her life.

"Take it," says he, "when you gets the chance. In the meantime I've got it, an' intend to keep it as long as I can; it isn't every day we hap across a pretty face like yours." He turned to the hand. "Take her below again. Tame her, without hurtin' her if you can help it; an' if she takes to lashin' her neck up, just give her a day or two in irons without any grub."

With that he stumped away, payin' no heed to her screams. She bit her fingers, stamped her foot, an' then all of a sudden made a dash for the rail. Tom Fox, who happened to be hidin' just where she tried to jump caught her, else she would ha' been over, sure. When she saw she was overpowered she rolled on the deck like a mad beast, pullin' her hair out.



"ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE MADE A DASH FOR THE RAIL."

"Come, mates, lay to an' give us a hand to get her below," says the hand. "I wish the old 'un 'ud do his own dirty work, an' tame her hisself."

But we didn't need to lift her. She got on her pins an' stalked past us into the cabin. My word, she was a beauty! No wonder the skipper had his eye on her; she fairly took my fancy, an' I never was particular keen on black women. Never saw anythin' like it in all my born days. She might ha' been a goddess; I'm sure she was. Bill, the cook, said she was a half-caste. No matter what she was, you couldn't ha' helped fallin' in love wi' her. I could scarce sleep all the watch for thinkin' on her, and feelin' sorry that so pretty a bird should be kept in a cage.

Now it may seem strange when I tell you that after takin' a fancy to the princess I was put on to look after her. Well, it happened in this way. Day after the tiff on deck I was aloft in a bit of a buster clearin' the yard, as it had got foul in changin' the tack. All of a sudden the support unshipped, an' I came lunderin' down, makin' sure I was booked straight to Old Davey. Instead, I fell on deck, an' have to thank my lucky star that I got off with nothin' worse than a broken arm. So they stuck me on the sick-list, an' after a day or two, when I could move about freer like, got me all kinds o' odd jobs for a one-handed man to do.

Sailors take to the sick-list same as dogs take to medicine. But I wasn't mindin' how long my turn lasted, for I got to look after the princess, an' after she kind o' got used to me she made a good chum. At first she would not take to me a bit—not even look at me—but when I managed to fascinate her she'd yarn away by the hour. I always sympathised wi' her, an' she took a notion o' me for it, an' then ended by fascinating me; that's true, sir; I clean got struck on her. Every minute I could spare I was with her, an' felt as happy as a king, until she began to talk about escapin'. That always reminded me that Daredevil made the first claim on her, an' I hated him like poison for it. Her escape meant mine also, an' I agreed willingly to do all I could to get her away.

But then, again, the idea struck me that this meant I would lose her; an' I wasn't much heedin' about that just yet. No, no, my black beauty, I thought, you're just as well where you are as wanderin' away, who knows where, among them black scarecrows. It's true I can't protect you from the skipper when the mood is on him, but so long as I sees you I knows you are safe. Yet there was another idea came into my head, an' that was to scoot along with her. That was a trifle risky, though, for unless she put me on some kind o' good footin' wi' the niggers the devils 'ud ha' me at their mercy, an' I wasn't quite in the dyin' line; that's what it meant if they showed me the mercy I showed them.

So I just managed to keep puttin' her off o' tryin' to get away in the long boat until we hove into Plunder Creek. Here we were safe at last from the sea bobbies in His Majesty's cutters, so we began leisurely to hand our cargo over to the spare hands who were to take it across country to the traders. We made slaves o' the prisoners we had ta'en, an' they had to carry the cargo to market, where the whole bag o' tricks was sold—slaves an' cargo an' all; we'd get a fresh lot o' slaves for our next cargo. When the hands turned up again with the cash, which they did not always do, we made a divide according to the share each man had taken in the capture; big whack, as usual, goin' to Daredevil.

Now, it happened that Black Susie's blubberin' hulk o' a brother was on the list to be sent with the first batch o' slaves; Black Susie was my pet name for the princess now. She came to me an' fell at my feet, an' kissed my hand, and pleaded so hard it made me feel queer all over, an' nobody could have resisted her. It was bad enough to have her on hand; to take an' dress him, too, made it a little awkward, but for her sake I was willin' to risk a lot, so I cut him loose the night afore the caravan was to leave, an' handin' him a brace of pistols, with as much powder an' shot as 'ud do for a hundred rounds, I quietly told him to cut.

That fetched her immensely, an' made me glad I did it. She would ha' trusted me in anythin' after that, an' if you had seen how she treated me next day when I took her for a walk into the wood it would ha' done your heart good. She actually cried an' kissed me until I believe I must ha' blushed, an' I'm not sayin' how easy that's done.

She was head over heels in love with me now an' no mistake, an' I was a gone case. Without me sayin' a word on the subject she asked me to marry her, an' she'd make me chief o' her tribe. Now, I've never had no thoughts o' marryin' a black woman; to tell the truth, I ain't particular a bit; but that lot tickled me. Fancy me, a cut-throat pirate, made the king o' Gold Dust Land! Bah! Might be a good thing, I fancied, when I came to think about it. Nothin' to do but spend the

"I WOULD RATHER DIE FIRST" SHE SAID. "THEN, IF THAT IS YOUR CHOICE, THERE IS NO USE KEEPIN' YOU WAITIN' ANY LONGER FOR IT."

gold an' strut about, followed by a few thousand slaves, an' if one o' them looked cross-eyed at you, you could just pink him off to keep your hand in practice. By Jove, that was a good thing I wasn't goin' to miss. Better any day than a pirate. "Yes, my dear," I says seriously, "I'll be a king an' spend the gold you so bountifully lay at my feet." She actually wept.

The old skipper, out taking the air, came on us. Maybe he thought I was makin' good use o' my opportunity. When we passed him he said nothin', but I found out that night he was suspicious, for he sent me to help the packin' gang. To one who lived in the prospect of soon becoming a king, that was a sore back-hander; yet I had either to obey or go under, so I just says to myself I'll be equal with him afore long. Besides, he had in his power my wife that was to be, an' that was sufficient cause for a quarrel.

While our gang was puttin' in stores next day I spotted him passin' with her at his side. She was weepin', an' kind o' looked up to me. Her glance told a tale that made me forget to work. Surely the old humbug has been abusin' her, an' is after some mischief. I felt all on edge to watch him like, an' seizin' a handy fowlin'-piece made after them, keepin' a respectable distance away. Now, I thought, catchin' the shooter tight, he gets it if he tries any hanky-panky tricks on. They walked a good long way in afore he stopped an' ordered her to sit down before him on a fallen tree trunk. Hidden among the dense bushes, I was able to creep so near I could hear every word he said.

"Now, black Miss," he says, "you don't understand why I brought you here. Try if you can guess."

She did not speak, but looked up at him as though she did not care twopence what he was goin' to do. It was a pity to see her there settin' Daredevil at defiance, an' she could do it, too. Her robe, that was once white as snow, was now all grime an' dirt.

"Imph! So you're not goin' to guess, are you not? Well, perhaps you'll have the manners to answer me a question. When are you goin' to give up this game?"

"When I get back to my own people," says she, disdainfully.

"So that's your mind, is it? You still defy me. Well, I confess I've got the nerve to face Old Harry himself, not to speak o' blusterin' seamen, an' I'm not goin' to be fooled by a bit slip of a girl. I don't mind tellin' you I've ta'en a notion o' you an' want to be kind to you, but rather than be made a fool o' like this afore my men I'm goin' to give you a choice of two things: either you give up playin' with me at hide-an'-seek, or you go to market with the slaves to-morrow. Which is it to be?"

"With the slaves to market," she says, quick as lightning.

"Ah, ah!" he laughed; "that pleases you, does it? Then I won't give you that pleasure, nor I won't put up with your tricks neither. I'll put an end to you first. But look here, I'm only tryin' to frighten you. Won't you be my wife an' stay at this port? I'll be as good as gold, an' we'll have no tiffs so long as you're behavin' yourself. Think what a good time you'll have. Better here in civilisation than sallyin' about among a dirty crowd in their birthday suits."

He waited for an answer, an' she looked at him as though she would sink him. "I would rather die first," she said deliberately.

"Then, if that is your choice, there is no use keepin' you waitin' any longer for it." And he pointed a pistol at her.

I am not so sure if he only intended to scare her; at any rate, I wasn't goin' to risk the chance, so I let go point blank in cold blood, an' he dropped sudden like. Black Susie had noticed me before this, though I didn't know it, an' she came quietly walkin' up to me as though nothin' had happened. With that the skipper was up an' let bang at us. That was another time I had reason to bless my lucky star; he shook, an' the shot went wide.

"Got you that time," says I, emptyin' a

second charge for his good. He hissed something' about murderer an' traitor as I threw him into the bush out o' sight, an' the prospective king an' queen of Gold Dust Land sailed away arm-in-arm.

"What are you goin' to do now?" she queried.

"Do!" I echoed; "I'm goin' to marry you in the first place; that's what I'm goin' to do."

She hugged me affectionate like, the same as she still agreed with me. "But they will miss the captain, an' perhaps suspect us both."

"You trust an old sea-dog to get out o' that hole. I've thought o' that, too, an' it aint likely they'll catch me nappin'. I suppose we're both o' us in the same boat now. Well, suppose you hurry back to the Creek an' tell them a tiger or somethin' o' the kind has gobbled the skipper an' I. You can say we are both o' us dead, if you like; that'll please the mates immense, an' if it's any o' my chums as comes to search for the bodies I'll not have to sin my soul any more tellin' lies.

"Oh! but there is always a risk of bein' found out. Let us run away somewhere together now we have the chance. Come; we are both as speedy as cats, an' you are so brave you are a match for any two. I promise you I, too, will be brave an' not give you any trouble. I

"THE PEOPLE SEE US, AN' ARE CROWDIN' TO THEIR CANOES; AND SEE! MY BROTHER LEADS THEM TO US."

want to go home; don't let us go back to the ship!"

"No bloomin' fear. You don't get me fallin' in with that silly plan, Black Susie. Want me to be made into a dinner for some o' them prowlers; a nice tough morsel I'd make for their savoury gubs."

"But we can depend on the natives."

"An' a nice job they'd make o' us. Besides, we'd be sure to find our rations too short to keep the sails spread an' trim. No, no, my hearty. I've got better things than that runnin' in my head. You saw that ship; well, we're goin' to go in her for our honeymoon trip, that's what we're goin' to do, an' mark my words if they don't come true."

This was too tall an order for Black Susie to take in all at once. All she could think o' was to scoot for it on the spot, an' take what chance heaven sent her. But I just showed her that if I was to be her king I was to be skipper as well on the matrimonial ship, an' when she saw there was no other way out o' it she just came round to see things as I did. So I sent her off in a state o' great excitement to spin a big yarn to the boys.

Well, sir, it turned out just as I expected. No fuss about it. A life was neither here nor there, particularly the skipper's. Only two men went out to try an' find him, an' returned to say we were both o' us lost. Once it began to get dark I crept out o' my hidin' an' went back to join them in a jolly old sing-song. The yarn I spun them about my adventure would ha' made the hair stand up on end an' their eye-balls jingle if they had been ordinar' seamen an' not pirates.

Next day there was a meetin' among us to settle who was to be our next skipper. My chum, Joe Slimkey, proposed me for it, seein', as he said, I was a good man at scuttlin'. But none o' the fools 'ud agree to that, an' it ended in us all bein' made skippers to boss our own part o' the ship, an' do just as we pleased. So far so good, I thought; it seems as though "The Slaughterer" is gettin' into a bad way, an' won't stand on her legs much longer. Wants a sailor here.

First thing I did was to alter the compass, so as we'd get near to Black Susie's kingdom. My idea was that if we got near enough I might start a mutiny, an' then when I was on watch at night strand "The Slaughterer." Then we'd get her people to come off an' help to take possession of the whole bloomin' show, shootin' down any o' the hands as showed fight. That was a great scheme in which fortune aided me.

While we were cruisin' about somewhere near to the promised land, we fell in with a small merchantman laden with wines. To sail up to her in a friendly sort o' way an' scoop the lot was the easiest thing in the world. It was a good thing, an' the chums found that they had an enormous thirst to quench, an' for days on end they did nothin' but booze an' fight like furies. I wasn't havin' any o' that lot, not a bit o' me. My chance o' runnin' the ship just as I liked had come, an' I kept her pointin' straight for my new home, about two hundred miles off. Mind you, with the compass altered so as to make believe we were goin' in the opposite direction. The rest I trusted to fate an' a small pocket compass I had.

Next day the spree in the fo'castle went on as brisk as ever. Most o' the hands got as drunk as lords, an' were ready to fight over nothin'. That pleased me immense. It was just what I wanted, an' by good luck the wind kept as steady as a die. Most o' the time I was on deck alone, an' at four bells took my turn at the wheel with Black Susie beside me.

"We are nearin' home," she says; "I can sniff the land breeze from my country. See! see!" In her excitement she caught me round the middle with one arm, while with the other she pointed away over the sea, where in the dim haze I could see my prospective kingdom. "At last! at last I am to see my own dear people again!" And she ran to the rail, clappin' her hands like mad.

"Not so hasty, my hearty Susie," I says,

stern-like. "We're not there yet, an' if you carry on like mad we're not likely ever to get there. Come over here beside me."

"Well?" she exclaimed, in her tantalising way, still keepin' dancin' an' clappin' her hands.

"Come here," I repeated gruffly, an' she came. "You know this coast?"

"Thoroughly; every inch of it. Give me the tiller an' I'll take you to a safe port."

"We don't want any port." Her brows fell at that.

"Then why do you bring me so near? Your are false, sir!"

"Not a bit o' me. I'm as true as steel, only you seem apt to forget. Take me where there is a soft sandy bottom as won't hurt her."

She understood my meanin' now, an' I let her take the tiller while I went below to see how things were movin'. "There'll be a fine surprise waitin' for you boys directly," I just thought to myself; "wait till you see." I got my chum, Joe Slimkey, on deck with me, 'cause I didn't want him to go to see Old Davey Jones along with the others.

"What—what are you doin'?" he asked, when he saw me close the hatches an' make 'em fast.

"Can't you see, you fool; there's a storm comin' on, an' we're in for a rough time!"

"You've been drinkin'. There's no storm that I can see."

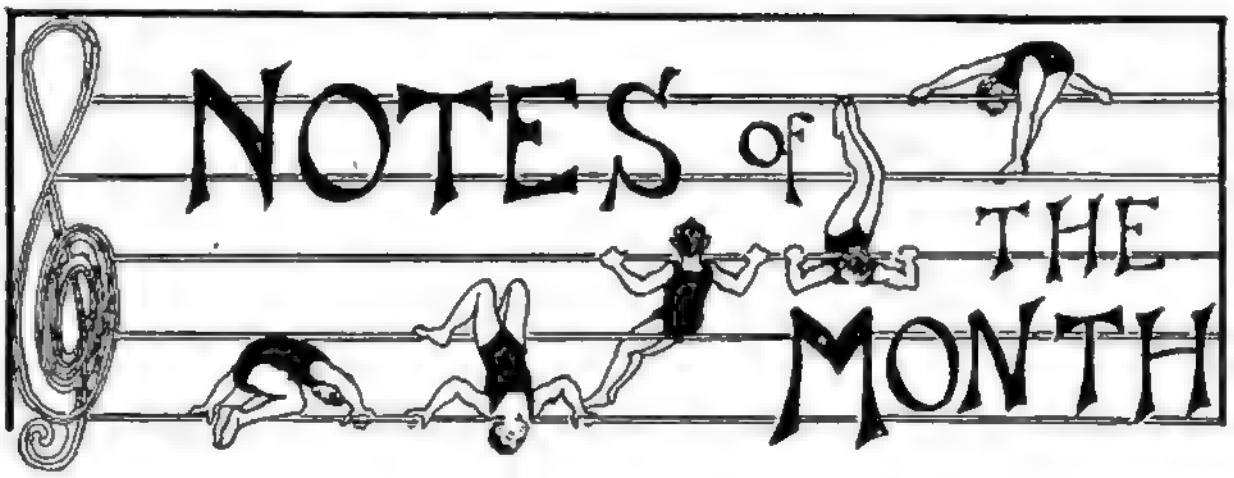
"That's just because you've been drinkin', else you might see it. But just you pull yourself together an' lie quiet among the sheets. I'll tell you all about it some day." Joe asked no more questions; he was too drunk.

Black Susie strained her eyes watchin' for signs o' life on land. "Another hour," she whispered under her breath, as she put the helm hard over, opposite a fine sandy beach. "Look yonder behind the huts. The people see us, an' are crowdin' to their canoes; an' see! my brother leads them to us!" I wondered how she could make out so much, 'cause they looked to me just like crows. But they were to be my people, an' I eagerly watched them, too.

Before we could get in the wind died down, an' Black Susie became so impatient I had to let her go off in a boat. That, sir, was the last I saw of my black beauty. I thought I was too old in the horn to be tricked; but she knew a thing or two, an' managed it the neatest you ever saw. Before she went she promised me she would send the canoe fleet out to help me. She did send them, but their ways o' helpin' didn't quite tally with mine. The way those black devils got swarmin' all over the ship meant business. One o' them tried to do for me, but he got worsted, an' I opened the hatches an' let loose the drunk fellows among them. Fortunately the drunks were in fightin' trim, an' it was real sport for them to wipe the deck with the howlin' blacks. It was the greatest battle royal I ever saw. You'd ha' been in your glory to see them tumblin' over the side one after the other; some o' them missin' their canoes an' makin' a meal for the sharks that waited about.

But we didn't get rid o' them so easy as you'd think. They stuck like leeches, an' would ha' done some damage if we hadn't ha' turned the guns on 'em. That finished 'em, though; black men can't stand up to powder an' shot. We put a few o' their canoes to the bottom. I was so wild I turned the guns on the huts, an' kept blazin' away till you couldn't ha' seen one standin'.

Next thing I did was to go ashore for our long boat. I wasn't goin' to leave that with the bloomin' nigs; no fear. While we were at it we stowed away every article we could lay hands on, an' a fairish haul we made. It was then I got to know that my Black Susie was no princess at all; only a common slave. An' me fancyin' I was a real king. Bah! Shoot me if you ever catch me as soft again, as I've determined to do for every black woman I meet anywhere within a hundred miles o' Gold Dust Land.



Physical Exercise in the Army.

The authorities in charge of the military education of our soldiers are at last awakening to the fact that the present system of physical training in the Army is wrong, and it is with pleasure that we notice that the Director of Military Education and Training has notified the abolishment of the annual twelve days' winter course, giving in its place physical exercise to extend over at least two hours in each week.

* * *

"Than Sandow, by his consistent advocacy of physical culture for people of both sexes and all ages, no one has done more in this country with a view to producing a strong, healthy race. Most people are content to be strong themselves. Sandow, however, is not so selfishly inclined. He wants to see everybody strong and muscular, and while some degree of profit undoubtedly accrues to him for tuition and appliances sold, his methods, properly followed, confer more benefit upon the pupil than he receives. To Sandow is universally conceded the proud distinction of being the strongest man in the world, and consequently it is only to be expected that everything in any way connected with him should command public appreciation. Thus the announcement that an anatomical lecture and demonstration of his system of physical culture was to be given in the Y.M.C.A., Birkenhead, on Monday evening, attracted a large and keenly-interested audience. The chair was occupied by Councillor E. W. Crosbie-Oates (chairman of the Ferries Committee), who in a few appropriate sentences expressed his strong belief in physical culture, and introduced the lecturer, Mr. J. H. Harrison, manager of Sandow's school in Colquitt Street, Liverpool. With the aid of a male skeleton, Mr. Harrison placed his audience in possession of a multitude of interesting facts relating to the composition of the human frame, and his remarks were followed by a capital demonstration of the Sandow system by a few pupils from the Liverpool school, who showed the correct way to perform the exercises, and also, what is of equal importance if the full measure of benefit is to be obtained from the movements, viz., the way to breathe properly. A number of exercises were also shown which are claimed to be a certain cure for indigestion, that troublesome malady to which comparatively few persons are strangers. Altogether the event was of a highly entertaining and instructive character, and will no doubt create a stimulus for physical culture amongst all who heard it."—*Birkenhead News.*

* * *

Aristocratic Athletics of the Future.

Punch has an amusing forecast of the craze for athletics among the "smart set" of the future, inspired by a reply in the *Ladies' Field* to an indictment by "Rita" of the "smart set."

It was Lord Adalbert Perceval Cholmond-

ley-Cholmondley's first season in London, after an absence of five years. In the winter of 1903 he had been compelled, by financial troubles, to emigrate to Clapham. For five years he had trekked about the Great Common, teaching the natives of that unexplored region bridge and similar games of skill, and now, having by these means amassed a handsome fortune, he had returned to the ancestral residence in Belgravia, prepared to fill once more his long vacated place in the "smart set."

The Red Book informed him that his old friends, the Brabazon - Smiths, still lived at their old address. Thither on the afternoon after his arrival he repaired.

As he approached the drawing-room a curious intermittent thudding sound reached his ears, and the voice of the footman announcing his name was drowned in a burst of applause. Something interesting seemed to have been going on in the middle of the room. It was evidently over, for people were strolling about, talking to one another. Lord Adalbert saw his host coming towards him, and went to meet him.

Mr. Brabazon-Smith greeted him effusively.

"What has been going on?" he replied, in answer to a question. "Oh, you ought to have come earlier. It's over now. We've just been fighting off the semi-finals of the Smart Set Middle-Weights' Competition."

"The what?"

"I keep forgetting that you have been abroad for so long. We go in a great deal for boxing now in Society. I fancy we were taking to athletics when you left. We used to play shinty then, if I recollect rightly.

"French Women in Sport."

A TYPICAL FRENCH CYCLING COSTUME. (From *Womanhood.*)

The game is still very popular. Poor old Mountararat — you remember him?—was killed at it the other day. We all told him that he was too old, but he would play, and he got a fractured skull and never recovered. But come round with me, and I'll show you a few of our celebrities. You see that wiry-looking man? That is the Duke of Datchet. He has just beaten the stockbrokers' champion over the Brighton course. He is talking to the man they call Sandow the Second. He can lift a billiard table in his teeth. Strictly between ourselves, he owes his great social success entirely to the feat, for he has few other merits. Just beyond him is Sir John Gregory, who defeated Hackenschmidt at the Tivoli the other night. The Terrible Bart. they call him. Those two men are the best half-backs in the Park Lane Prowlers F.C. They are playing for England next Saturday against Wales. The Prowlers have had a very good season this year. They beat Oxford, Cambridge, Blackheath, and Newport, and drew with Richmond after a great game. That tall man by the fireplace is our full-back. He dropped two goals against Blackheath from outside the half-way line. Both against the wind, too. Oh, yes, we are a capital team. You must join us. Then we run a cricket team, too—the Belgravia Butterflies. We were very successful last season, and the Marquis of Anglesey, who headed our averages, is going out with Warner's next team to Australia. There was a little difficulty at first, but they said he might wear his jewels, so it's all right, and he's going. Downshire has been invited, too. He's our best bowler. So clever, you know."

"And you still play bridge, of course?" queried Lord Adalbert.

"Bridge? Bridge? Don't know it. Is it a game? You must teach it us."

In one of the larger cases on the Great Common you will see a simple red-brick hut. On its door-post are the words "Wistario Villa." Enter, and you will be shown into the presence of Lord Adalbert Perceval Cholmondley-Cholmondley. He has returned to the wilds.

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Physical Degeneracy and Industrialism.

In a recent issue of *The Clarion* there appears a very strong article on the physical degeneration of the masses, from the pen of Mr. J. F. Mills. The following extracts will no doubt interest our readers:—

"For a long time past we have lived in an atmosphere of unbounded optimism. The march of progress has filled us with unbounded glee, and the contemplation of our manifold perfections has raised our self-satisfaction to Himalayan heights.

"The statistician has been the Corypheus of the optimistic troupe, and the burden of his unending pæan has been the economic advance and physical improvement of the proletariat. Unrolling his panorama of figures, the statistical Pangloss, with a beaming face and swelling bosom, has exhibited to us the best of all possible worlds, with the working man in the foreground, flourishing in health, and basking in prosperity.

"And as with economic prosperity, so with physical improvement. The official optimists of the medical fraternity have chanted in chorus the triumphs of medical science, and have led us to believe that never in the whole history of the British nation has the physical condition of all classes been half so satisfactory as it has of recent years.

"But the vapours of optimism are being swept aside by the searching breeze of critical investigation, and, like mummified corpses when exposed to the light and air, these fallacies and fantasies are beginning to crumble into dust.

"For a long time past there has been a perpetual flourish of trumpets with regard to the improved health conditions of the nation. Figures have gone the round of the Press purporting to show an increase in physical stature, and medical statisticians have never ceased telling us of the decrease of disease,

the reduction in the death-rate, and the increase in the average span of life. On all sides, we have been led to believe that, for a long time past, we have, as a nation, been growing bigger, healthier, stronger, and longer-lived, and that during the whole course of history, we have never been such a fine race of people as we are to-day.

"Observers like myself, who have lived in the midst of an industrial population, and been paralysed with the stunted forms and pallid faces, the wrecked physiques and shortened lives, the chronic invalidism and signs of physical degeneration visible all around, have been, at first, puzzled by the discrepancy between the facts of life and the figures of statisticians. But a deeper analysis has soon cleared up the difficulty, and shown that the molehill of fact has been exaggerated into a mountain; that the improvement of the part has been mistaken for the improvement of the whole; and that a course of superficial amelioration has been magnified into a progressive and permanent cure. Investigation shows that:

"French Women in Sport."

A LARGE NUMBER OF LADIES PRACTISE BALLET DANCING TO IMPROVE THEIR PHYSIQUE.
(From *Womanhood.*)

"There has been some increase in size amongst the well-to-do, but not amongst the bulk of the masses.

"There has been some improvement in health conditions, but not in soundness and stamina.

"There has been a reduction in certain forms of disease, but generative disease is still increasing.

"There has been an increase in the average span of life, but not in longevity. Whilst the national life is greater in quantity, it has deteriorated in quality. The average standard has been lowered.

"For a long time past medical optimists have buoyed us up with false hopes, and led us to believe that the masses were undergoing a great physical improvement. Facts now show that we have been living in a fool's paradise, and things have at last reached a crisis. The number of physical wrecks is so enormous that the military authorities are at their wits' end as regards recruits, the efficiency of the army is becoming seriously imperilled, and a Royal Commission has been appointed to investigate the evil.

"'What shall it profit a man if he gain the

whole world and lose his own soul?' What shall it profit a nation if it gain riches and power and dominion and glory, and its people become a race of physical wrecks?

"You have heard, good reader, of that foolish individual who sacrificed his manhood on the altar of Mammon, who bartered health for wealth, and who found, when he had become rich beyond the dreams of avarice, that his vital capital was expended. Though richer than Crœsus, he was physically a bankrupt.

"Such is the fate which looms before the English nation to-day. The name of England is synonymous with wealth. Her commerce is world-wide! her fleets of merchant ships span every ocean, and her empire encircles the globe. Yet England, like the foolish millionaire, has bartered her health for wealth, and sacrificed the most precious heritage of her people on the altar of Mammon. In wealth she has become richer than Dives, but in health poorer than Lazarus. The vitality of her people has been sacrificed to the Moloch of Industrialism, and physical bankruptcy is beginning to stare them in the face.

"Physical bankruptcy! Do you realise the abyssmal depths of that term?

"To be a physical bankrupt is to be bankrupt in health and strength, and energy and vitality; to find the strain of life a torture; to fall an easy prey to sickness and disease; to suffer from premature exhaustion, to be afflicted with premature decay, and to die a painful and untimely death. Physical insolvency is the condition of a vast and increasing number of English people at the present time. Never, in the whole course of history, has so large a portion of the population been in such a condition of physical insolvency as it is to-day.

"Do you wish for ocular proof? You shall have it. Come with me to Lancashire, and you shall have an object lesson. You shall see physical degeneracy in all its glory. Here is a Lancashire manufacturing town, inhabited by an army of factory hands. The town itself is a chaotic wilderness of mean and dingy jerry-buildings, overhung with a funereal pall of smoke, and dominated by a forest of tall smoke-shafts. Every vista is barred by a huge factory a quarter of a mile long, with its long rows of windows rising rank above rank, and its interior resounding with the deafening roar of machinery. Suddenly the roar subsides. It is noon, and the mills are stopping for the mid-day meal. Let us stand at the gates of this factory close by, and scrutinise the mill hands as they stream forth. Here they come, a hurrying crowd of males and females, juveniles and adults.

"Look at the lads and lasses. Instead of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed youngsters, you see puny, sallow-faced midgets. Instead of straight, well-built youths and maidens, you see anæmic, emaciated, hollow-eyed, weedy, sickly-looking striplings. Observe the appearance of the greater number of all ages—their faces cadaverous and bloodless, their complexions that of a sickly mulatto. Notice the narrow chests and round shoulders, the stunted and under-sized frames, and jerry-built figures. Watch them as they troop past—a race of small weeds, anæmic, neurotic, dyspeptic, bilious, devitalised—the brand of physical degeneration stamped on form and feature.

"Yet these rickety degenerates are the heirs of the ages, the aristocracy of Labour, the representatives of an Imperial stock, the source of England's greatness, and, as they deem themselves, the very flower of British working people.

"Throughout the greater part of the field of industry we find the army of workers toiling amidst conditions which are prejudicial to health and productive of disease—conditions which lower the vitality and shorten life."

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Saved by Physique.

During the Boer war a serjeant in the Canadian regiment performed a very brave act. While fording the Modder River—a rope being stretched across, as the

current was very strong—Serjeant-Major Borland, perceived two Highlanders who, having lost hold of the rope, were being swept away by the current. Holding on to the rope with one hand, he stretched out the other and grasped the nearest Highlander's rifle, which was slung over his back, telling him to grasp his companion in a like manner. The Highlander did so, and Borland, a man of splendid physique, putting out his tremendous strength, hauled them to the rope against the current.

* * * *

Another Champion to the Cause.

Dr. R. Farquharson, the well-known medical M.P., has given notice that he intends to raise the subject of physical deterioration in Parliament, and among other points to draw attention to the injurious effects of the cigarette. He traces to the weed in this form the following catalogue of deleterious consequences: Dyspepsia, chronic hoarseness, loss of appetite, pallor from impaired blood formation, irregular pulse, pain in the region of the heart, difficult breathing, headache, disinclination to physical exercise, mental fag, and besides lesser ills, grave lowering of moral tone. This is but one of the forms, and, alas! by no means the worst, by which our so-called civilisation promotes mental and physical degeneracy, a matter which most men of science consider of greater moment to this nation than any other.

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The Bishop of Ripon, in a letter to *The Times* on Physical Deterioration, makes the following strong plea for urgency in the matter of improvement:—

"I sincerely trust that no time may be lost in side issues, but that public interest may be directed towards the study of those conditions with which are bound up national health and the common weal."

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We are requested by the Lineel Company to inform those of our readers who have written for free bottles of Lineel Liniment that, owing to the great demand, they are a little in arrears, but each applicant will receive the free bottle in turn, at the earliest possible date. Some samples are returned through the post with the addresses torn off, so that if not received within reasonable time, a postcard to the Company will have immediate attention.

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International Congress on Physical Culture.

Preparations for the second meeting of the International Congress on Physical Culture, which is to be held at Geneva in 1904, are now in active progress. The following is the provisional programme: 1. Facts and figures as to the actual condition of physical culture in different countries. 2. Scientific bases of physical culture. 3. The physical education of childhood and youth in the school: organisation, programme, methods, time devoted to training, teaching, etc. 4. Teaching in universities: training of professors and masters, organisation, etc. 5. Physical culture of the working classes: schools for adults, people's holidays, competitions. 6. School hygiene. 7. Unification of gymnastic terminology.

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The Sandow Challenge Bowl.

The Cygnet Rowing Club, composed of employés in the circulation branch of the London Postal Service, winners of the Sandow Challenge Bowl and Gold Medallions presented to the National Amateur Rowing Association by Mr. E. Sandow, held their fourteenth annual concert on Saturday, January 9th, at the "Haunch of Venison," Fleet Street, E.C., when a large company assembled. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. T. Poole, an old Cambridge oarsman, who during the evening distributed 41 prizes between 27 members; the most important club race during the year was the Rum-Tum Handicap for prizes presented by R. B. Etherington-Smith, the Club's President, for which 30 entries were received. The chairman in his address referred to the club's principal win during 1903, the holding of the magnificent trophy

presented to the National Amateur Rowing Association by Mr. Sandow, and competed for in June by the clubs affiliated to that body. This cup could be won outright, he explained, by three successive wins, or four in all, and he hoped the C.R.C. would be successful in accomplishing this feat. He also congratulated the winning crew—Messrs. T. H. Staples (bow), H. Popple, J. E. Corter, E. Wilson (stroke), L. W. Bell (cox)—on receiving such handsome gold medallions as were presented by Mr. Sandow, which, as he explained, were such a genuine proof of his interest in sport generally. Mention was also made of the Ayling Cup Competition, this event being open to representative crews from any post office in the kingdom. The winning crew this year were from the S.W. District Office, each member of which received a gold medal presented by Mr. A. H. Brewer, of Putney. The concert was an unqualified success from beginning to end, and should be a good send-off for all "Cygnets" during 1904 season. A letter of regret was received from Mr. Sandow expressing his inabilty to attend in person owing to his professional duties detaining him in Edinburgh, but wishing the club every prosperity during their forthcoming season.

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The Earl of Meath and British Physique.

Amongst earthly blessings there is none greater than the possession of physical health and strength, but how few there are that give serious thought to the subject. As soon as we become conscious that the wheels of the machinery of life are running heavily, generally through our own negligence, we rush to the professional repairer, or even to the advertising quack, and are willing to pay heavily for assistance which can only be temporary, if we neglect to alter the causes which have occasioned the evil. How much wiser would it be, if, individually and collectively, we would make a study of the laws which lead to health or disease, and, as far as circumstances permit, would regulate our lives in accordance with them?

As a nation we insist, and rightly insist, that all children should be educated. We draw up codes of instruction; we appoint and pay schoolmasters and schoolmistresses to impart this knowledge; we spend thousands of pounds in order that every child, however poor, may be given an equal chance in life; and yet how small a part of all this thought, trouble, and expenditure is directed towards imparting to children knowledge which, in after years, shall enable them to understand the laws of Nature and to maintain their own and their future children's bodies in health and strength.

What are the steps which can be taken? They are many and various, but we may mention a few.

1. Every effort should be made to counteract all unnecessary increase of towns, and, when possible, new factories or industries should be established in and old ones transferred to the country.

2. Care should be taken that all towns should be furnished with a sufficient number of parks, and especially with a large number of small play-grounds, fitted with gymnastic apparatus, and under the charge of caretakers, and so placed that no workman's house should, if possible, be more than a quarter of a mile from such a ground.

3. Children should be taught the rudiments of hygiene, sanitation, and physiology, so as to have some slight knowledge of the causes of disease and the means which can be taken to avoid it.

4. They should, by cookery classes in schools, be shown how to obtain the largest amount of nourishment with the smallest expenditure on food: what kind of foods are wholesome; and how food should be cooked so as to make it, not only palatable, but easily digested and consequently nourishing.

5. They should be taught self-restraint in order to learn when they grow up how to rule themselves and how to place a bridle on their appetites and passions, and on those indulgences which are harmful to health.

6. The muscles and lungs of the children and their general bearing should be improved

by physical exercise and drill, and it should be the duty of the education authorities to see that, whilst attending school, the children are properly fed. The authorities should be empowered also to bring the parents to account if they neglect their natural duties.

7. The girls should be taught by housewifery classes how to make a home clean, wholesome, bright, and attractive, and as so many have to act as nurses from their earliest years, the proper way of feeding and tending infants. The ignorance of many married women has wrecked before now the physical welfare of their offspring. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of a young mother amongst the poorer classes giving beer, whisky, and gin to infants, and feeding them on the same food as she takes herself, long before the proper time has arrived for weaning the children, with the result that a quite unnecessarily large percentage of infants die before they are three years of age. If the home were made more attractive, and the food more palatable and nutritious, the men would not be tempted to leave it so frequently for the public-house. It cannot be too widely known that there is no nourishment in stimulants, that raw spirits destroy the digestion, and that a man who desires to retain his health will do well either to entirely abstain from stimulants, or to take them only at meals, and then with the most rigid moderation. All these things should be taught, and they would be of more real value to the children than many lessons they now learn, and which are promptly forgotten as soon as they leave school.

As it is of the greatest importance that nothing should be left to conjecture in so important a matter, the Government would be well advised to follow the precedent they have set themselves in the case of Scotland, and appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the physical condition of the people of England and Wales.

The terms of reference to the Scotch Commission might well be adopted, *mutatis mutandis*, as those under which the English Commission might be instructed to act, namely:—

To enquire into the opportunities for physical training now available in the State-aided schools and other educational institutions of Scotland, and to suggest means by which such training may be made to conduce to the welfare of the pupils, and further, how such opportunities may be increased by continuation classes and otherwise, so as to develop, in their practical application to the requirements of life, the faculties of those who have left the day schools, and thus to contribute towards the sources of national strength.

In the meantime the people of Great Britain, and especially the working classes living in our large cities, who compose that portion of our population which is the most directly interested in the subject, should bestir themselves, and use all the legitimate influence they possess to impress members of Parliament, corporations, town and county councillors, educational authorities and others, of the urgent necessity which exists to turn their most serious attention to matters appertaining to the health, strength, and physical condition of the people of this country, and to take instant steps to improve the physique of the British race.

* * * *

A volunteer colonel went to the butts to see one of his companies shoot, when he was persuaded by some of the officers to try his skill as a marksman. After some pressing he took Private Ramrod's rifle, aimed at the target, and fired. There was a tiny cloud of dust about fifty yards off from the target, but, for all that, a "bull's-eye" was signalled. Finding he was such a true marksman, he had several shots, with the same results—a "bull's-eye" each time. He then handed the rifle to Private Ramrod, who commenced firing, and his first shot was signalled as a "bull's-eye." On this Sergeant Smart was heard shouting to the marker: "Confound you! What's the matter with you, blockhead? The colonel ain't firing now!"

OF the many attacks made from time to time upon the corset, one of the most vigorous appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Dr. Arabella Kenealy. The title of the article, "The Curse of Corsets," is emphatic and alliterative.

"At the present moment," says the lady doctor, "the use of corsets is more universal than it has ever been.

"The extravagance of modern dress—an extravagance never before reached—is evidence enough, were evidence needed, of this. Dress has been given to women to conceal their deficiencies, and to this end she employs it, beauty and dress assuming generally an inverse ratio the one to the other.

"Formerly the practice of tight-lacing was confined almost entirely to the fashionable and leisured classes. Now it permeates the humblest levels of society.

"You shall not find a housemaid or kitchenmaid, a shop girl or a little slave of all work, who does not pinch her waist to a morbid and ridiculous extent. The thing has become, indeed, a national evil, for these wasp-waisted, chlorotic beings are the mothers of the race.

"That the stays are indeed tight is shown by the fact that although the physique and internal organs expand in every other direction, the waist of the adult woman is actually less than that of the girl between ten and twelve.

"Moreover, it has been found that the waists of young women released from the abnormal bondage of corsets, described as 'not the least bit tight,' expand in the course of a few months to the extent of some three to seven inches.

"The average woman," Dr. Kenealy concludes, "clothed as fashion clothes her, presents, I confess, an exterior pleasing to our artificial and acquired tastes. Unclothed—alas! she is that to make the physiologist and artist weep."

* * * *

Helen Mathers writes in *Black and White Budget* that the streets are filled with fine, athletic girls, but the pretty little girl, with her smile, her blush, her little foot and hand, her gracious "ways," her thanks for some small service rendered, has vanished from the highways of the world. We had noticed this

ourselves, and it was explained that all the sweet little girls, who needed a man's protection to help them face the difficulties of the world, are married and quite happy. Some of the present-day athletic girls are their daughters.

* * *

This from "the other side": Mrs. Mary Kumpf, who earns a living by giving an exhibition of feats of strength, the other day at Jersey City, U.S.A., obtained a separation from her husband, a tiny 7 st. man, on the ground that he persistently beat her.

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The photos of fair French athletes which appear this month should have been included in the article "French Women in Sport," which appeared last month, through the courtesy of Miss Ada S. Ballin, but were unavoidably crowded out.

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"French Women in Sport."

SWIMMING HAS A GREAT HOLD UPON THE PARISIENNE, AND THE SEINE CAN PRODUCE MANY EXPERTS.

(From *Womanhood*.)

Miss Annie Oxley, of Sheffield, who went to New York as the chosen representative of English womanhood, to take part in the International Physical Culture Competition, has returned home, bringing with her the fourth prize. Mr. W. E. Clements, of Leicester, the English competitor in the class for men, was also placed fourth. Miss Oxley was recently interviewed by a representative of the *Sheffield Telegraph*, and he found her quite ready to describe her experiences. Twenty years of age, 5 feet 4½ inches high, she is undeniably a fine-looking girl. She has views on the corset question, and on sensible dress generally, of which more anon. The first question was as to whether she was satisfied with the judges' award.

"No," replied Miss Oxley. "I think I ought to have won more. I thought I had a better figure than one or two who got prizes, and other people thought so, too."

"What reasons were given for placing you so far down?"

"Well, the judges thought I was a little too slight."

The competition was for the best-developed man and the best-developed woman, and a single prize of £200 was offered in each class. After many local competitions in England, the number of candidates was reduced to two, and Miss Oxley states that she was informed she would only have to meet one opponent in the final. Mr. Clements went out on the same understanding. Instead of this

being the case, Miss Oxley found that she had to compete against five other ladies, while Mr. Clements had seven opponents. At the last moment, almost, it was decided to split the prizes into four for each section, of the respective amounts of £100, £50, £30, and £20. Mr. Clements and Miss Oxley both objected to this. An alteration was made in the method of judging, too. The original plan was that the merits of the competitors should be decided upon the vote of the audience, but it was found that competitors were buying votes, and a committee of judges was appointed instead. The committee included sculptors, artists, physical culturists, and "natural cure" doctors.

The competition was part of an athletic carnival, which took place at Madison Square Gardens and lasted nearly a week. Competitors for the physical development prizes came from almost all the States in the Union, and among them were several actresses and artists' models. Those left in the final, besides Miss Oxley, were from New York, California, Minneapolis, and Philadelphia, and a Parisian lady, who had previously won first prize in a beauty competition in her own country. Miss Oxley appeared before the audience four times in "statue dress," and posed in a variety of attitudes. She believed that the premier award lay between her and the California representative, but the judges decided to put California first, Minneapolis second, New York third, and Miss Oxley fourth. The first prize in the section for men was won by Albert Jennings, of New York. He is a professional poser, and Miss Oxley states that the physical culturist who trained him was one of the judges. "The girl who got third prize," she adds, "had posed for some of the sculptors on the committee. Another thing: I was assured that the judges would not know the English from the American competitors, but I was introduced to them all as the English representative."

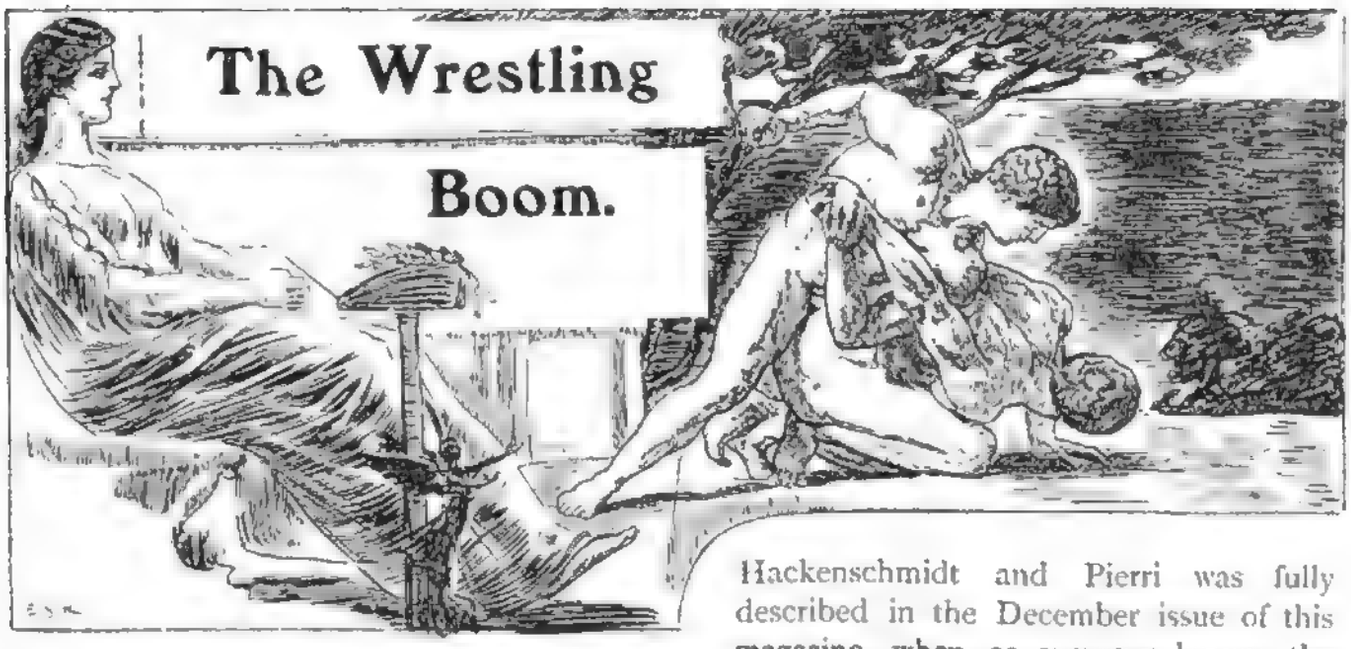
If you ask Miss Oxley to what she attributes her fine figure, you find that she is a thorough believer in many physical exercises. She was naturally well-developed ("she was a very fine baby," her mother interpolates), and for the last two years she has practised many exercises. Swimming, cycling, walking, jumping, dumb-bells a little, the use of the chest expander occasionally, have all helped to make her what she is. "And I left off wearing corsets," she quickly added; "I was more comfortable, and had more freedom without them, and now I would not wear them again for anything. Corset-wearing is a curse to womankind. It is injurious to the race. You cannot breathe properly with corsets on."

"What do you advise women to do if they would have health?" Miss Oxley was asked.

"Leave off corsets," was the emphatic reply. "And I believe in wearing clothing as light as possible. It should all hang from the shoulders—no weight on the hips. I believe in broad shoes, with flat heels, and a neck free from collars."

* * * *

The Wrestling Boom.

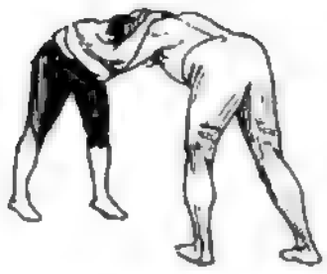


JUST now wrestling is holding practically first place in the whims of the public fancy, and although a large number of the contests are what might be termed of the "show" order, yet the sports-loving Britishers are turning up in their thousands to witness the various events placed before them. Before this issue can reach the public, one of, if not *the* match of history, so far as value is concerned, will have become an accomplished fact, for the first contest in the annals of the ancient game for stakes amounting to no less than £2,200 will have been decided.

Wrestling suffers from the same complaint as cycling—it has so many champions; and at the present time nearly every tournament or exhibition claims to have amongst its competitors the champion of this or that country or style; but without doubt the men of the moment, so far as popularity and ability are concerned, are the two who, on the 30th of the past month, were due to meet in the Olympian arena to do battle for the big stake above mentioned. The doings of both Hackenschmidt and the latest "star" in the wrestling firmament, Madralli, have, during the past few months been watched with the keenest interest. It was as the result of the Russian's defeat of the Greek, Antonio Pierri, that "the Terrible Turk" was brought to these shores. The second match between Hackenschmidt and Pierri was fully described in the December issue of this magazine, when, as everyone knows, the Russian proved successful. Smarting under his defeat, Pierri left no stone unturned to find the Russian's match, and as quickly as possible the Sultan of Turkey's chief wrestler, Ahmed Madralli, arrived upon the scene, and on his behalf Pierri at once threw down the gauntlet, which after some length of time was accepted by the Russian, with the result already mentioned.

It took some time to arrange the preliminaries, and at the meeting between the men and their supporters considerable discussion took place as to style, etc., but it was eventually resolved that the men should contest three falls for the Græco-Roman championship, the rest between the falls to extend over 15 minutes.

Since Madralli's arrival on these shores he has not been allowed to remain idle, for up to the time of writing, in addition to his nightly performance at the hall at which he is engaged, he has also met and defeated two well-known men in the persons of Saalfeld, of Switzerland, and Tom Cannon, the veteran Lancastrian. His match with the latter, the first of his important contests in this country, took place on the 18th of December, the Turk having arrived in London on the first day of the month. The challenge by Pierri for Madralli to wrestle any one in the catch-as-catch-can style met with no response



until Cannon came forward and offered to test his skill against the stranger under somewhat modified conditions. The Englishman suggested the best of three falls, one under Græco-Roman rules and one in the catch-as-catch-can method, with a proviso that in the event of each man gaining a fall the choice of the third should be decided by the spin of the coin, and these conditions were accepted by Madralli.

It may not be out of place here to give a few particulars with regard to the two men. The Turk, who, as already mentioned, is chief wrestler to the Sultan, is 27 years of age and stands 6 ft. high. He was born at Madra and comes of a regular wrestling family, his father having been a great favourite of the Sultan. Madralli carries with him the diploma and the medal given him by the Sultan, both of which he is very careful and particularly proud. He scales 16 st., and while in the business as a wrestler for fifteen years has never known defeat. Ali Hassan has twice succumbed to Madralli in five minutes and three minutes respectively, whilst others he has beaten include Kara Ahmed, Kara Osman, Halil Adali, Youssouf, Mehmed, Tewfik, Ibrahim Mamouth, Cambar, Pangall, Hassan Gedgili, Olum Mustapha, Yaschar, Curderelli, and Kadrandji.

Cannon, though some years the senior of Madralli, is a well-preserved man, who claims a splendid record earned while wrestling in every part of the globe. The following are a few of his chief matches: Defeated Evan Lewis, America, known as the Strangler; defeated Tom Jenkins at the Empire, Indianapolis, in the Græco-Roman style; defeated Professor Wm. Miller at the Opera House, Melbourne, £100 and the world's Græco-Roman championship; defeated Jack Connor, Melbourne Exhibition Building, £500 and the championship, Græco-Roman style; defeated Bech Ohlsen, of Berlin, one-fall match, inside of three minutes; defeated the French giant, Paul Pons, £200 and the world's championship, July, 1898, at Goodison Football Grounds, Liverpool, before 7,000 people; defeated the Terrible Greek, Antonio Pierri, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, £200 a side; defeated George Steadman in a mixed match at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, £100 a side; defeated George Steadman again, £50 a side, at Liverpool, Cumberland, Græco-Roman, and catch-as-catch-can, winning the last two styles and the match; defeated Rasso, the German champion, £100 a side, at Liverpool; defeated Jack Carkeek at Liverpool, £200; defeated by Carkeek, same place; defeated by Hackenschmidt at the Palace, Manchester, last year, £50 a side, in a one-fall match, which cost him the Græco-Roman championship—after a desperate struggle of one hour and thirty-two minutes, he was thrown from the perpendicular—a flying fall.

Thus, whilst in weight the men were about the same, the stranger held a great advantage in every other way, being four inches taller, and eighteen years the younger man. He came to the mark in splendid condition, well developed in every muscle and carrying none of that adipose tissue so often noticeable in Continental wrestlers.

Cannon, while showing a healthy look, had a fair amount of stomach, and from the way in which he eyed the Sultan's champion he evidently recognised the difficulties with which he had to contend. "Time" having been called, the men commenced the struggle in almost oppressive silence. The first fall was taken in the Græco-Roman method, and for a while the only sound in the house was a slap, slap, as either man endeavoured to secure a hold. Now and again Madralli appeared as though he was forgetting the

rules under which he was competing, and twice he lowered his hand for a leg hold, but corrected himself in time. Cannon showed some fine defensive tactics. As a fact, defence had to be his method throughout, and though he held on in stubborn and determined fashion, he never looked like even getting behind the Turk. Madralli was perhaps a shade slow in his movements, and, as a Græco-Roman wrestler, he missed many points in a way that gave a colouring to the remarks made recently by his manager, Antonio Pierri, that Madralli does not profess to be a flyer under Græco-Roman rules. Still, he soon showed the onlooker of what he is composed in the matter of strength, for, though Cannon displayed a lot of craft and cunning and clung to the mat at times as though he had been glued there, the Turk rolled him over and won the first fall in 11 mins. 19 secs. Having done this the match was booked a certainty for the big man, for no one expected to see Cannon turn the tables in the catch-as-catch-can which followed. As he went to the wings, the Englishman remarked between his gasps for breath, "He's as strong as a bullock and has the hug of a bear."

The second fall was soon over. More at home with the conditions, Madralli went for his man at once. There was no beating about the bush, for, getting his opponent down, the Turk pinned him to the floor and won the match by gaining the second throw in 1 min. 36 secs. Cannon subsequently said: "I wish to explain my defeat, which is owing to this man's (indicating, with a wave of the hand, Madralli) wonderful, I may say superhuman, power. He is the greatest wrestler I have ever met."

Mr. G. T. Dunning (*The Sportsman*) officiated as referee and Mr. L. Draper (*The Sportsman*) took the times.

Madralli's next customer in a big way was Henri Saalfeld, whose challenge to wrestle the best of three falls for stakes amounting to £250 was accepted, and the contest took place on the 7th of last month. The men were equally matched so far as age, height,

Photo. Campbell & Grey, 7, Cheapside, E.C.

AHMED MADRALLI ("The Terrible Turk").

and weight are concerned, as both stand just over 6 ft. high, and have seen 27 summers. But on the point of wrestling there was only one in it, and that one Madralli, who, although giving away two stone in weight, had his man beaten almost from the first. The Swiss, however, did not give in without a severe struggle. As usual, Madralli proved very aggressive, and though Saalfeld showed great strength and much cleverness, he never once looked like throwing the Turk. The skill and generalship of the Swiss enabled him for a time to slip some minor locks and holds, but the pulling and handling he was subjected to and the bear-grips put on him by the Turk told the usual tale, and though game as a pebble, Saalfeld began to weaken after the first four minutes. As in his match with Cannon, Madralli never gave his man a moment's breathing time and, always at work, he secured a good hold and pressed his man down for the first fall in 6 mins. 52 secs. Saalfeld, by a tremendous effort, raised his right shoulder as the whistle blew, but the blades had just touched and the fall had been secured. The second bout was fought out in the same stubborn manner, Madralli's persistency giving the Swiss few chances, even if any, of being aggressive. Once Saalfeld caught the Turk off his guard and almost pressed him to the floor. Madralli staggered as he has never done since he landed here, but the momentary success of the Swiss hastened his downfall, for, evidently nettled, Madralli put in all his power and, giving his opponent no mercy, he secured the second fall, and with it the match, with a crushing roll-over.

The details of the contest, of which Mr. G. T. Dunning, of *The Sportsman*, was referee, are as follows:—

First Fall.—After the usual finessing, Madralli got a neck hold, which the Swiss slipped. The Turk tried again, but Saalfeld ducked, and also got clear of a leg hold. At the expiration of 40 secs., however, Madralli secured his man round the waist and, following a brief struggle, the Swiss went to the carpet. There he at once adopted defensive tactics, and though Madralli secured a good waist-hold, Saalfeld declined to be pulled over. At the end of two minutes Saalfeld was blowing, though so far the Turk had done all the work. Madralli tried hard to fasten on a neck-hold, but failed, Saalfeld showing a good deal of power and no little skill. Then the Turk tried the elbow roll, but Saalfeld successfully resisted. When four minutes had passed Saalfeld got out of trouble and reached his feet. So far Madralli had not turned a hair, despite his hard work, but the Swiss was evidently feeling the effects of the grips put on him. Each man got a neck-hold, and the struggle for the fall ended in favour of the Turk. Madralli got an arm-hold, which Saalfeld slipped, and later he wriggled away as the Turk endeavoured to get his leg up the back. Still very aggressive, Madralli got on the half-Nelson, but failed to roll his man over, while Saalfeld also successfully opposed a neck-hold. Again the men reached a standing position and, seizing his his man by the legs, Madralli threw the Swiss with great force to the floor. Saalfeld spun round cleverly, and for the first time during the fray he fastened a neck-hold on his opponent. Madralli threw his man off with ease and, quick as lightning, he flew at the Swiss and, before the latter was aware, fastened a half-Nelson. Saalfeld resisted with all his might, but the Turk, making sure of his hold, pressed his man over. The shoulders touched, and then, too late, the Swiss, with a herculean effort, raised himself slightly. The fall, however, had been gained, and the house cheered the men to the echo when they shook hands. Time, 6 mins. 52 secs.

Second Fall.—So soon as the "friendly grip" had been exchanged, Saalfeld tried for a leg-hold, but the Turk jumped back out of danger. Again the Swiss went for the ankle, but Madralli, after backing, came on again, and got a neck clutch, which, however, Saalfeld escaped. Then the men got together, each making strenuous efforts to pull the

other over. Both stood the jerking, which amused the crowd, for a while, until Madralli made his oponent fairly rock again with a tremendous pull round the head. Dropping, Saalfeld seized his man by the leg, but Madralli got clear, and later he pressed the Swiss with great power to one knee. Three minutes came and found the men down, Madralli, as usual, being on top. Trying for a half-Nelson, the Turk was baulked, Saalfeld resisting the lock in splendid fashion. The Swiss continued to show fine defence, and though Madralli put all in, he failed to roll the big man over. When the men had been struggling in desperate fashion for four minutes and a half they reached the perpendicular again. Saalfeld was blowing freely, but he went at the Turk, and, with a desperate effort, almost pressed him to the floor. Madralli indeed fairly staggered, but kept his feet. The attack seemed to rile the Turk, who flew to close quarters and, after a brief struggle, had the Swiss down. Saalfeld did his best to stave off a determined attack, but evidently Madralli was thoroughly aroused and, putting on the half-Nelson, he pinned his man down and won the second fall and the match. Time, 6 mins. 24 secs.

Jiu-Jitsu.

JAPAN is a great nation in a small country. The individual Jap is, physically, in very similar case. Western nations are powerfully impressed by his "littleness"—he is, roughly, about the stature of European women—and are apt to argue therefrom that he is something of a weakling, though ingenious and alert. How far this is from the truth may be judged by the unanimous opinion of the experts during the Chinese campaign. The Japanese troops were found to be fifty per cent. hardier than the best-trained Europeans. They could march half as far again in a day, and they throve cheerfully under privations which reduced the Caucasian to limpness and despair. Their amazing "fitness" was a new phenomenon in soldiering, and it is this which makes us well-wishers of Japan so hopeful as to the outcome of the war with Russia. It is certainly a fact that, from the point of view of physical prowess and endurance, the individual Cossack simply has no chance with the individual Jap.

Why, in spite of their small stature, the Japanese are probably the most physically fit nation on earth Mr. H. Irving Hancock explains in his interesting little volume on "Japanese Physical Training" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 5s. net). Most of us have heard of the Japanese science of *ju-jitsu*, or, as Mr. Hancock spells it, *jiu-jitsu*, and most of us associate the words with a species of trickery which will enable a five-foot Jap to vanquish Hackenschmidt in half a minute and to knock Madrali about like a ninepin. That is true enough; but *jiu-jitsu* is much more than that. It is an elaborate and, so far as the army is concerned, universal system of physical training. It is based, not on trickery, but on a minute study of anatomy, and its aim is the perfect and harmonious development of the whole body. It is a science that has reached so dangerous a pitch of perfection that one doubts whether it could safely be adopted by a less good-tempered race than the Japanese. Even among them the gymnasium contests are hardly ever in earnest—that is to say, it is arranged beforehand who is to be the victor, and the object of the other is simply to offer as much resistance as is necessary for the full exercise of the muscles. Careless, or still more, angry, work at *jiu-jitsu* will probably result in disablement, or even death. No less than six blows known to professors of the art can be relied on to cause death.

Jiu-jitsu is, of course, as far removed from the Western notion of combat as most Eastern notions are from Western notions. Blows play a small part in the science, which is just as well, when you remember that a trained man can break your spine with the edge of his hand. Such blows as the science takes account of are always delivered with the edge of the hand, never with the fist; it is only one of many instances that the science is one of knack and nicety rather than of brute strength. It is, as Mr. Hancock remarks, "a principle of *jiu-jitsu* that a weaker man should be able to attack a stronger opponent and to defeat him by the aid of the latter's own greater strength." *Jiu-jitsu* is, in point of fact, more a matter of grip than of impact. Let a physically cultured Jap get hold of your arm, and you must give in or the arm will be broken. It is a useful accomplishment for the police. Mr. Hancock gives us an illustration of what is known in Tokio as "the come along," the method used by Japanese police for overcoming a troublesome prisoner.

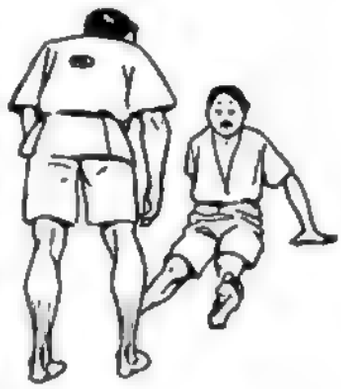
The system may be said to be based on the principle of the "funny-bone." A blow on the "funny-bone" will cause temporary paralysis, whereas a blow of equal strength a

little further up or down the arm will have no effect to speak of. It is by ascertaining the similarly vulnerable points all over the body —and there are a surprising number of them —that the Jap is so consummate a master at reducing blustering strength to reason. For example:—

The man on the attack throws his left arm with great suddenness round his adversary's waist, digging the fingers with great severity into the base of the spine. At the same time he presses his open right hand up under the chin in such a manner as to throw his enemy's head back. The man so attacked is likely to have his neck broken if the assault is made savagely enough.

Another infallible knock-out is a blow —again with the outer edge of the hand—on the throat. But Japanese adepts can train themselves to resist even such an assault as this.

It is a mistake to confound *jiu-jitsu* with Japanese wrestling. The two systems have been antagonistic from the beginning, and since, a few years ago, a great contest took place at Tokio in which the champion wrestler of Japan was put on his back in fifteen seconds by a votary of *jiu-jitsu*, the art of wrestling has fallen into decadence. Japanese wrestlers were always tall men, and generally fat. They were destined for the profession from their cradle, the likeliest babies being chosen for the purpose. The reason why wrestling has, in spite of its inferiority, lasted so long is that till the time of the revolution in Japan *jiu-jitsu* was the prerogative of the *samurai*, or aristocratic caste, and its secrets were kept under oath. Now that *jiu-jitsu* can be taught to everyone, even to foreigners, the old style of wrestling, once the popular amusement, is fast dying out.



It may be imagined that so exciting and dangerous an art as *jiu-jitsu* is bound to have bad physical consequences. So it has—for the opponent; but the Jap himself is the healthiest of human creatures. The whole science is based on careful diet and punctilious cleanliness. The Japanese soldier is taught to breathe properly with as much care as if he were a professional tenor, and at the least sign of undue palpitation of the heart he is ordered to cease his exercises and lie down on his back to recover. In the course of the five years' training heart and lungs become so strengthened that any affection of these organs is almost unknown in Japan. As for nerves, the Japanese do not know what they are. Mr. Hancock calls them "the calmest, coolest, happiest, bravest, and strongest people in the world." In that Arcadia "weakness or long illness are considered to be the misfortunes of only the very aged."

And now Dai Nippon is stripping for the struggle with the big wrestler across the water. Maybe we shall have an exhibition of international *jiu-jitsu* before long.—*St. James's Gazette*

The Prolongation of Life.

SIR HERMANN WEBER, M.D., F.R.C.P., recently delivered a most interesting lecture before the Royal College of Physicians in London on the subject of the prolongation of life. Sir Hermann, although himself well on in years, is a fine example of what systematic exercise and careful living will do. Space does not allow of our reproducing the lecture *in extenso*, but the following excerpts may prove interesting:—

"The subject of the prolongation of life is a very large one, especially if considered with regard to the whole population from infancy onwards.

"The diminution of infant mortality and the improvement of the hygienic conditions of towns and houses have raised, and will continue to raise, the average duration of life.

"And, besides, the physical education of the entire population, which ought to commence in the nursery, and ought to be insisted on at all schools, public and private, will not only contribute to the prolongation of life, but improve the whole race, so that our grandchildren ought not to hear any more of the deterioration of the physique of recruits and other candidates for the Army and the professions and trades.

"This very promising subject will, as far as possible, not be touched in the present discourse, which will relate principally to the prolongation of the life of adults by the arrangement of the manner of living.

"The facts that I have occupied myself with it for half-a-century, and with a certain measure of success as well in others as myself, and that I may, perhaps, open up some fresh aspects, embolden me to place before you in a condensed form some of my experiences and views.

"The results of the inquiries of the Collective Investigation Committee of the British Medical Association are most judiciously analysed and interpreted by Professor Humphrey in his delightful little book, 'Old Age,' and give similar proof. We are therefore justified in assuming that although life is usually limited to eighty years it may occasionally be prolonged to one hundred and even more through the operation of particular internal and external agencies. By carefully studying these agencies we may sometimes succeed in prolonging life to the limit natural to the human species.

"After having carefully entered into the records of more than one hundred cases of very long-lived persons, I have reason to say that by far the majority of them were temperate; were small meat eaters; lived very much in the open air; led an active life—many a life of toil with great restrictions as to food and comforts; that most of them were early risers; that a great number of them had a joyful disposition and performed their work cheerfully; and that only a few were intemperate or idle and lazy persons.

Heredity.

"I have endeavoured to ascertain what is the principal factor of inherited longevity. There were differences in the different long-lived families, but all of them were endowed, as far as I could learn, with a good heart and good blood vessels, and I am inclined to ascribe to the circulatory system the greatest share, which, however, cannot be separated from the respiratory system and from the vaso-motor part of the nervous system.

"Much, no doubt, can be done by physical education, great moderation, and suitable occupation.

"In advising persons with a hereditary tendency to rather early death it is most important to become acquainted with the causes of death of their parents and blood relatives, since by combating the tendency to these causes of death from as early a period

as possible we often succeed in prolonging life. This is conceded by the majority of medical men with regard to tuberculosis, but numerous deaths between fifty and seventy which are caused by the weakness of the fibres of the heart and of the coats of the arteries and capillaries, can be avoided, or at all events greatly retarded, by regular exercises, including walking and breathing exercises and great moderation in food and alcohol; the tendency to atheromatous and allied changes by similar means, and not less so that to stone in the urinary organs; the tendency to senile bronchitis and pneumonia, which form so frequent causes of death in advanced life, by much air in and out of doors by respiratory and other exercises tending to strengthen the heart and lungs; dipsomania by total abstinence from youth onwards; and almost all other hereditary causes of death can mostly be warded off by judicious arrangement of the manner of living.

"I could give a great many instances of persons who escaped the diseases of their parents and near relatives by well-adapted management. I will, however, confine myself to my own case, because you know me and see me before you. My mother died before she was sixty from inherited weakness of the heart, which led to frequent attacks of bronchitis and general dropsy. My father died in his sixtieth year from cerebral apoplexy; he had not been an abstainer himself, and his forefathers during four generations had taken largely the strongest kinds of hock, and port besides, and died from affections of a gouty nature. By moderation and abundant exercise of mind and body I have escaped death from these causes and have prolonged my life, although I must confess that I have not quite effaced the gouty tendency inherited from five generations.

"During the action of an organ its areoles become widened, more blood flows into the capillaries and the lymph spaces, more food and more oxygen are carried to the tissues, and at the same time waste products are removed. This has often been demonstrated in the muscle whose regular contraction causes increase in size and strength; it is, however, not only the muscular fibre which gains but the nutritive vessels and absorbents gain equally much. The increased flow of blood which is caused by the action of the muscle forces the small vessels to work to bring more blood to the organs and tissues and to remove the used-up material, and thus their coats are kept in a sound condition. Similar is the case with the brain and nerve centres; the acts of thinking and of movements in the voluntary muscles lead to afflux of blood to the nerve centres, to increased nutrition of the ganglion cells and nerve fibres, and of the minute vessels, efferent as well as adherent.

"If we review the different means in our power to prevent early decay and to keep the circulatory system in a healthy condition, we find that the most efficacious are given by the different forms of exercise.

Walking.

"In this, the most natural form of exercise, the action of the heart and the breathing are accelerated; more blood is passed into the blood vessels, which are obliged to contract more frequently and carry it with greater energy to the different organs and tissues, nourish the latter and become themselves nourished.

"This regular walking exercise, provided the health is fairly good, ought not to be interrupted by so-called bad weather; it ought to be taken in all kinds of weather—rain or sunshine, cold or warm. When a friend of mine asked Moltke, the great General, by what means he had maintained his health and activity, he answered, 'By great moderation in all things; by regular outdoor exercise in all weathers, good and bad; never a whole day at home.' He was in his ninetieth year at that time.

The Week-End Holiday.

"It is of great use for those who are still in fair vigour to take regularly once a week a

day of more prolonged exercise up to four and six hours; and those who live in town ought to spend this day of extra exercise in the country, if possible, on account of purer air and the change of scene.

"Many persons, including some medical men, are of opinion that it is injurious to take much active exercise, especially in advancing years—that the body is sooner worn out by it. A friend of mine, who was known by many of you—the late Mr. George Pollock—often told me this, and tried to dissuade me from my long walks, as he believed they would wear me out sooner than rest. He did not succeed in dissuading, as I am sure that the 'wearing out' theory of the organs is wrong.

"The animal body is not a machine, made of dead substances like wood or leather, but is made of living organs and tissues, which by action are not worn out, but nourished and maintained in working order, provided always that the exercise is not over-exercise.

The Summer Holiday.

"Still more beneficial than the once-a-week extra exercise is the plan of taking, once or twice a year, a walking or climbing tour of three to four weeks or longer in mountainous districts, especially on glaciers, with three to six or occasionally even eight hours' active walking or climbing on most days of the week, provided that the organs of the body are free from disease, and that they be gradually accustomed to the increased work. The amount of benefit to be obtained from such tours, if judiciously arranged, can scarcely be exaggerated.

Respiratory Exercises.

"The remarkable improvement in the heart's nutrition and action is, I think, to a great degree caused by the deep inspirations which are necessitated by the act of climbing, especially steady and prolonged climbing. This consideration has led me to pay particular attention to respiratory exercises, which since then have been very useful to myself and many others, especially persons with weak heart muscles.

"We must, however, not be satisfied with the few minutes of respiratory exercises, but we must make a habit of taking at several other times of each day deep inspirations and expirations, especially when walking. Breathing exercises are especially useful to literary workers, statesmen, professional men, and others who are unable to take one of the usual modes of exercise.

Tension Exercises.

"Another convenient form of exercise, especially useful in gouty people, recommended by Dr. Oliver, is what he calls the static or tension exercises, which consist in the static contraction of all the muscles of the body while standing, from one to two minutes several times a day.

Food.

"Attention to the digestive system and food is almost as necessary for the promotion of longevity as that to the circulatory and respiratory systems. It is impossible to lay down strict rules. One rule, however, we can lay down without fear of harm—namely, that great moderation in the amount of food, and especially of the most nourishing articles (flesh food and pulses), ought to be practised by everybody, particularly by old people, and is a great aid to longevity; but here again the term 'moderation' must have a different meaning for different persons and is to be judged individually.

Alcohol.

"Alcohol is not necessary to healthy persons, and most men would be better without it. Many diseases are no doubt produced by the abuse of alcohol; many promising lives are destroyed by it; it is the most frequent cause of crimes and of the ruin of many families. Yet a small quantity of wine or whisky, or cognac, or beer, according to the individual conditions, is to most persons not injurious, to some even useful.

Constipation.

"An important matter with regard to the digestive system is the action of the bowels. If the arrangement of food is not sufficient to produce regular action of the bowels, massage of the abdominal organs is in many people a satisfactory measure, and almost every individual can learn to practise this on himself. Another help, and a very useful one, not only with regard to the action of the bowels, is the voluntary and systematic contraction of the muscles of the abdominal wall ('Bauchpresse' of the Germans). By slowly and thoroughly contracting the abdominal muscles from above downward, fifty or sixty times, not only the intestines, but also the liver, the bowels, and the blood vessels in the abdominal cavity are compressed, the blood squeezed out and moved onwards towards the heart, which is strengthened by the extra work, as well as the abdominal muscles themselves.

The Nervous System.

"Equally important with the organs of circulation and digestion is the nervous system, which we may say governs all the other systems and is inseparable from them. We must therefore prevent its degeneration as long as possible; we must nourish it and keep it in action.

"We must endeavour to cultivate cheerfulness and a happy and placid mind. 'A merry heart does good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.'

Sleep.

"Under the head of the nervous system, we must pay some attention to sleep, that most wonderful function of our organism.

"At the risk of being blamed by those who maintain that a certain number of hours of sleep, say six to eight, is absolutely necessary, and that it must be taken by day if it cannot be taken at night, I may say that I have always recommended working men, physical or mental, to rise at the same early hour even if they had gone to bed later than usual, or had not slept well. There are, I need not say, a few necessary exceptions to this rule. It is, at present, the habit of most men doing literary work, to do it during the late evening hours; they say that they cannot collect their thoughts and bring them into proper shape in the morning, but can do so in the late hours of the evening, and better the nearer they are to midnight. John Wesley, the well known divine, it is stated, rose for sixty years every morning at four o'clock, and never slept more than six hours.

Conclusions.

"The main points of my advice may be comprised in a few sentences—

"Moderation in eating, drinking and physical indulgences.

"Pure air out of the house and within.

"The keeping of every organ of the body as far as possible in constant working order.

"Regular exercise every day in all weathers; supplemented in many cases by breathing movements and by walking and climbing tours.

"Going to bed early and rising early, and restricting the hours of sleep to six or seven hours.

"Daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions cold or warm, or warm followed by cold.

"Regular work and mental occupation.

"Cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness of mind.

"Employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fears.

"Strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes, and other injurious agencies.

"In laying down these precepts I wish not to create a life of privation, but to promote a long life, and a useful and happy one to the end without suffering, and I can assure you that it has been my good fortune to succeed in a great many cases."

MATTERS of WEIGHT

by "BAR-BELL"

WEIGHT-LIFTING in France is apparently suffering from the same complaint which prevents the proper development of the sport in this country—want of unity between the exponents of the game. One of the principal supporters of the game writes deploring the fact that in weight-lifting there is a lack of that friendly feeling, that sentiment of "together for us all," instead of "each one for himself," which characterises and makes for the development and success of every other branch of athletic recreation. There, as here, "we stop at the trivialities of the school, where each one talks for himself, criticises as he pleases, without authority, and careless of others." The Haltérophile Club de France, which is the governing body, is comparatively powerless; recently, however, a strong effort has been made to put matters on a more satisfactory footing, and effect a genuine union of all interested in the sport. Meanwhile the apathy of all concerned with weight-lifting in England remains, and seems likely to remain, the same.

The distinctly humorous side of weight-lifting has recently been made public through the medium of a five-year-old youngster resident in Peckham. This infant phenomenon, although so youthful, is gifted with a muscular power which renders such a feat as lifting his father—a not over big man—clean off his feet one of the most trifling exertion.

During the early part of December the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, was the scene of a monster athletic gathering, at which championships of wrestling, tug-of-war, and weight-lifting were decided. Whether it be open to any promoter who pleases to style the contests he arranges as championships is an open question; at any rate, I am not aware that any special significance attaches itself to honours gained thus. In saying this I have not the slightest desire to depreciate either the men who compete thereat or their performances; I merely wish to emphasise the fact that unauthorised championship meetings are certain to lead to a tremendous amount of confusion, no little friction, and a good deal of uncertainty. This particular meeting at Edinburgh was for professionals only, and excellent entries were received in every branch. Jack Carkeek, Charles Green, Tom Connor, and J. J. Miller, of Alloa, and A. Bain, were amongst the wrestlers, while of those who had entered for the weight-lifting the name best known to SANDOW'S MAGAZINE readers was Peter Ross, of Dundee, whose photo, it will be remembered, appeared in the magazine some time ago. Whether the championships in the Wrestling and Tug-of-war events were limited in their extent was

not stated, but the Weight-lifting championships were confined to Scotland, and comprised light, middle, and heavy weights.

The number of entries was somewhat disappointing, and the lifting, on the whole, was hardly as good as I had expected. Peter Ross won the light-weight event (9 stone 7 lbs.) with a total of 483 lbs., the runner-up, J. H. Todd, of Edinburgh, scoring 405 lbs. only. These totals, let me hasten to explain, were made up of three lifts only: right and left hands and bar-bell, the double dumb-bell lift, which is undoubtedly the most severe test amongst the championship lifts of a lifter's muscular power and command over the weights, and his own strength also, being omitted. The figures were :—

	R. hand. lbs.	L. hand. lbs.	Bar-bell. lbs.	Total. lbs.
Peter Ross...	159	152	172 —	483
J. H. Todd...	·32	126	147 —	405

There being the same entries for both the middle and heavy-weight championships, only one contest was necessary to determine the double result. This worked out to the advantage of A. Teviotdale, also of Dundee, whose total, 549 lbs., was 103 lbs. in advance of that of the second man, D. Hislop, of Leith. The actual figures were :—

	R. hand. lbs.	L. hand. lbs.	Bar-bell. lbs.	Total. lbs.
A. Teviotdale	174	164	211 —	549
D. Hislop ...	145	126	175 —	446

Ross' figures are not at all bad, and in both the single-handed lifts compare very favourably with the best of which Mr. Challingsworth was capable when I saw him last, his weight being then 9½ stone. In the bar-bell lift the Birmingham lifter was far superior, although it may be that Ross could do better than 172 lbs. if he were pushed at all. Challingsworth has, in my presence, lifted 190 lbs. (bar-bell), and I believe he has done a few pounds better than this. Teviotdale, too, has done well, not as well as our 10-stone amateur champion, it is true, but then Mr. Caswell is a wonder not seen every day in the week. Still, there are many 11½ stone men, and amateurs too, who would be able to top Teviotdale's total, and I say so without meaning any disparagement of the Scottish lifter. D. Hislop's lifts are, however, very poor.

That mighty weight-lifter, Arthur Saxon, tried his luck recently against one of the many champion wrestlers of the world who have suddenly sprung into existence; but although Saxon was a crack hand at the game in his own country, Bavaria—where the wrestling, by the way, is a mere contest between sheer weight and muscular strength with the very smallest leavening of science—and never found a man to make his jacket dusty, he proved no match for the champion when it came to Græco-Roman methods, and succumbed in something under five minutes. Another strong man also came to grief in the same way; instances which prove that champion weight-lifters do not invariably shine at other exercises which require the use of great muscular strength. This puts me in mind of a conversation I had many years ago with the bosom friend of an amateur weight-lifter, whose feats have probably never been excelled. We were discussing the application of strength to athletic performances, and my friend was high in praise of his weight-lifting friend's prowess in putting the weight. "How many feet can he put the 16-lb. shot?" I enquired. "Oh! forty or so" was the reply. Now, considering that this champion stood well over six feet, and weighed something in the near neighbourhood of sixteen stone, I was disappointed. "But," I said, "Horgan can do more than that, and he's nothing like so tall; Grey was a smaller man, yet he could do better; and Charlie McLean, the Scot, who is only about twelve stone, can do 43 or 44 feet at a pinch." "Yes," was the triumphant reply, "but how many times running could either of these put over 40 feet? That's where I—— scores." This was a view of the matter I had never thought of before, and I leave its significance to the individual criticism of my readers.

Up North weight-lifting is going ahead in

deadly earnest, contests and competitions in the Newcastle-on-Tyne district being held with commendable frequency. My Northern correspondent has favoured me with reports of several of these, some details of which I give below. It is quite evident the game is taken up far more seriously there than around London, and that there exists a class of light-weight lifters who could hold their own anywhere. Very big men we don't seem to hear much of, although that doughty Oldham weight-lifter, Mr. Foster, of North Moor, who has some wonderful feats to his credit, could scarcely be considered a little man.

Mr. Turnbull defeated R. Heaney by eleven pounds, although, as he had given his opponent an allowance of five pounds, he only scored by six. The lifts were clean left hand, 112 lbs. and 109 lbs.; double hand bar-bell press while on the floor, 118 lbs. and 110 lbs.; and the little-attempted feat of lifting with the little finger clear of the floor, in which either competitor lifted 143 lbs. A 10-stone competition, right, left, and double hand lifts, all clean, was won by Mr. E. Lightfoot with lifts of 142 lbs., 131 lbs. and 150 lbs. respectively; the three other competitors, although very close together, were a long way—between 40 and 50 lbs.—behind the winner. In a contest at Newcastle Mr. P. Johnson, of South Shields, defeated Mr. R. Gifford, a local lifter; on the same evening a 9-stone competition, two lefts, right and left hand, both hands to shoulder, was won by Mr. J. Dickinson, lifting 108 lbs. right and 128 lbs. left.

A somewhat novel competition was set for heavy-weights; this was to lift a 105-lbs. dumb-bell with right and left hands, and a 145-lbs. bar-bell both hands, the competitor raising all the greatest number of times being declared the winner. As this may prove interesting to weight-lifting and other readers, I give the results in full:—

	J. Westhall.	G. Laidler.	J. Oliver.
Right hand ...	8	3	3
Left do....	6	4	3
Bar-bell ...	4	3	3

Mr. Westhall is only an 11-stone man, but possesses fine development, and is a perfect demon for work; he is a really good man, as is proved by the following figures made at another competition, at which he was the winner with 35 lbs. to spare. Westhall will be heard of again, I feel sure. His lifts were right hand, 178 lbs.; left, 148 lbs.; double (bar-bell), 183 lbs. The two single-handed lifts are, however, from the shoulder only, and not all the way. Next month I hope to be able to give an account of the A.G.A. Amateur Championship meeting. It takes place in January, I know, but the printing necessities require that my article should go to press some weeks in advance.

AND EDITORIAL CHAT.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on page xiii of advertisements.

All communications relating to Instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

Disheartened.—13 inches is in proportion to your other measurements, and you can do no more in reason; it is not such a meagre measurement as you suppose. Make no fixed number of movements, but just tire the muscles without overdoing it.

Anxious, Derby.—Yours is a case for a surgeon. Consult a specialist. He will make a moderate charge if you state your position.

Punch Ball, Lincoln.—Keep on pegging away, but don't do too much at a time.

Oxley.—Feed well, but do not neglect exercise in the morning. Try Plasmon.

John West.—Impossible to judge accurately from the sketch sent. You have evidently been overdoing it. Practise first of all with light bells, strengthen up the whole muscular system, and *then* take up weight-lifting gradually if you will.

Boston.—Agents for sale of "Developer" are in most of the large American cities.

Admirer.—Nothing more likely, especially if at all heated.

P. P.—Your suffering has been brought on by your own folly. Make up your mind to go in for healthy exercise. Take a cold bath in the morning and eat plenty of meat.

Boxing.—(1) There must surely be someone in Salisbury who can give boxing lessons. Am sorry I cannot do more than recommend you to make enquiries. (2) One hour, or even less, after so light a meal would be sufficient. (3) Glad to hear you find my embrocation beneficial.

Morton.—You should send to the Advertisement Manager, who will quote you prices.

Tynedale.—Probably you unconsciously held your breath when using the bells, or your lungs may be affected; you should get yourself medically examined. The breathing ought to improve.

Weight-lifter.—(1) Use one hand alone. (2) No jerk. (3) Raise weight from floor to shoulder with one arm.

J. M. M., Johannesburg.—It is of little use working upon the legs only until the whole muscular system has been strengthened. Take a course of instruction by post.

Oxford.—In the year 1897, from Putney to Mortlake. Yes, by half a length.

Interested.—The date of publishing is now and has been for some months the 1st of each month.

Birmingham.—Consult a specialist.

R. C. V.—Eat plenty of fresh vegetables.

C. G.—Cold or tepid bath, plenty of exercise.

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S. A. B.—Always exhale through the mouth.

Arthur J. Salter.—The charts are only for general purposes; you should merely select exercises most suitable for your requirements. It is absurd to attempt to go through the entire charts.

Orme.—Rub lemon juice in well every other night.

F. R.—Your weight should not be less than 11 stone.

Grace.—Plenty of exercise with nasal breathing. Persevere.

F. Barrett.—You need a properly regulated course of instruction. I think that, probably, the course by post, particulars of which will be sent free on application, would suit your case.

N. B., Hunstead.—Put more energy in your exercise; take long walks.

A. E. S., Surrey, and S. Almond.—Write for particulars of instruction by post, as knocked-knees can be treated.

Anxious.—An article on Consumption appeared in SANDOW'S MAGAZINE for August, 1901.

C. White.—Developments seem to be good, judging from photo.

Student.—Your measurements are quite up to the average. We cannot say without having particulars.

E. L., Frome.—We will not promise, but occasionally your wish will be gratified.

F. N. P.—(1) Yes, to a certain extent. (2) It is not advisable.

Gymnast.—(1) I do not think so much time devoted to gymnastics, however useful it may be for a specific purpose, advisable; half the time mentioned, divided into two portions for morning and evening, would be more beneficial. (2) The punching ball is certainly useful for the purpose.

S. Parton.—You must please yourself.

Tony.—One hand above head, a good weight 56 lbs to 70 lbs.

F. Morton.—Sandow's embrocation.

B. A. T., Oldham.—Not likely to do harm; but fruit is better eaten in the morning. (2) The suggestion of regularity is an excellent one, but what you need is strengthening of the abdominal muscles. You cannot very well crack nuts with a hairpin. After a meal is the best time. (3) Yes, in moderation it is often beneficial, though seldom essential in ordinary circumstances.

Tano.—There is no 8-stone Amateur Weight-lifting Competition held; and it is possible the following authenticated lifts by 8 st. 4 lbs. men have since been beaten, but of this I am not sure, as I cannot lay hands on my list of records:—

T. McCoombes	...	R. hand, 120 lbs.
		Barbell, 165 lbs.
J. Turnbull	... ...	L. hand, 115 lbs.
F. Noble	... ...	

J. Turnbull is the holder of the Amateur Bantam Weight Championship of the North of England.

J. H.—No.

Exercise.—Your medical man should examine you first.

Ernest C. Graham.—(1) Muscles of forearm, wrists, and hands. (2) Very much a matter of practice; given sufficient strength, it is a question of knowing how to use it. (3) Thanks for your kind congratulations and good wishes.

J. Walton.—(1) Makes no difference. (2) Yes. (3) Breathing before breakfast in front of an open window.

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ENSURES MAGNIFICENT TRESSES.

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and H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece, the Princesses Beatrice, Victoria, Claude, and Hohenlohe use "Koko" for the Hair, and speak very highly of it. Supplied by Special Commands to H.I.M. the Empress of Russia.

WINDSOR CASTLE—

Colonel G. J. Ivey wrote: I can conscientiously state that "Koko" for the Hair has performed all you say. I have found it most efficacious, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends.

KOKO IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING, REFRESHING and INVIGORATING, and INVARIABLY PLEASES ALL.

A DOCTOR writes: (The original may be seen at the Company's Offices). Gentlemen,—After using your "Koko" for over six months, I must acknowledge its superiority over any other dressing for the hair which I have tried. It keeps the head perfectly cool, and it *does* eradicate dandriff and gives the hair a fine glossy appearance. The medical treatment of dandriff may be summed up in six words—viz., "Keep the head saturated with oil." No doubt this is efficient; but if we adopt this method, the head becomes dirty, for the simple reason that all moving particles are caught and retained by the oil; and again, bed-linen is rendered disgusting by being stained. Now, your "Koko" possesses none of these disadvantages, and is equally, if not more effectual. It is for this reason that I prefer it to any other dressing. Since first trying it I have used no other, and have great pleasure in recommending it to my friends and patients. I send you this little note merely to let you know how well pleased I am with your preparation.

KOKO, being a strong Nerve Tonic, is Strengthening to the Brain.

KOKO is used by the Princesses of our Royal Family.

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried KOKO.

A 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 1/6.

Any person forwarding this Coupon with P.O. for 1/6 and Four Stamps to pay postage, will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One regular 12-oz Bottle of KOKO for the Hair**, the price of which is 4/6, provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer**. In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing that it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all orders with Coupons to—

THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., and 1/6 only will be required when presented personally.

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, &c., at 1/-, 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

For the sake of a greater profit, you may be asked to buy some other Hair preparation. In justice to yourself and to us, kindly insist on having KOKO.

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